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BY

AN INDIGNANT ENGLISHMAN

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## On the Bombay Express

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BY

EDWIN MUIR

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## Terrorizing Florence

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November 28, 1925

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FLORENCE UNDER THE FASCIST TERROR. What grievances does the Man From Manchester present against the Fascisti? What does he believe to be the source of the trouble in Italy to-day? What political parties in other European countries correspond either in methods or in aims to the Italian Fascisti?

ON THE BOMBAY EXPRESS. Describe the city of Madras. How does it compare with the interior of Southern India?

AN IMPRESSION OF TUNIS. What is the general policy of the French in Tunis and how does it work? Into what different political factions are the inhabitants split?

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Compare Mr. Ségur's view of modern literature with that of Mr. Muir. Do you feel that the trouble with modern writers is that they indulge their curiosity and eccentricity too much or do you agree with Mr. Muir that modern literature is simply typical of the age?

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The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.


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# NEXT WEEK

## THE CHINESE SOUL — *By Ku Hung-ming*

The author of this essay has written books in several European languages, he is the principal defender of Confucius, and is by all odds the foremost Chinese scholar of his time. At the present moment his country is undergoing important changes — the foreigner, the native, and the Bolshevist propagandist are abroad in the land. Ku Hung-ming gives us some idea of what they have to reckon with.

## NOTES FOR AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY — *By John Clare*

John Clare was born in poverty, lived in indigence, and died in madness, yet his poetry attracted the praise of Scott, Hazlitt, and Lamb. He is the authentic peasant poet of all British literature, and these recently discovered 'Notes for an Autobiography' possess the same singular charm that is to be found in his verse.

## A LITTLE GIRL — *By Sigrid Undset*

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# THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *NOVEMBER 28, 1925* — NO. 4247

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### ITALY AND THE DEBT SETTLEMENT

OUR debt settlement with Italy clears the sky in one more quarter of the European horizon. A special correspondent of the London *Statist* said, shortly before Italy's Mission left for America, that the visitor to that country invariably noted two outstanding features in her situation — 'her economic prosperity and her financial stringency.' Since strikes have been practically outlawed by the Fascisti, unemployment has decreased from more than three hundred thousand to less than seventy-five thousand. The balancing of the budget has spread a feeling of confidence throughout the country. The practical elimination of British and German competition in foreign markets for the time being on account of their return to the gold standard, and the attendant depreciation of the lira, have given a stimulus — though of course not an entirely healthy one — to Italian industry. On the other hand, the bank rate is at the highest point since the war and the Stock Exchanges are exceedingly depressed. The Government's policy is to make money dear and credits difficult, in order to check speculative overexpansion, which was threatening immediate disaster.

It is at this moment that Italy has taken up the question of her war debts in real earnest. Perhaps that may be not so much because she wants to as because she must, but neither Count Volpi nor anybody else in authority disguises the fact that until and unless this question is settled further progress in the post-war revival of Italy, financial and economic, cannot be sure, sound, or swift. In the first place, while Italy hopes to be able to dispense with borrowing as a State except for the task of currency reform, she is perfectly well aware of her vital need of foreign capital for the development of her industry and that chief of her natural resources, water power; and she looks very naturally to America for the necessary funds. In the second place, she is equally well aware that, even if her budget has attained equilibrium and there be a balance in her commercial exchanges with the foreigner, granting always good crops, fair trade, and the development of such invisible exports as the tourist trade represents, nevertheless the currency is still the weak point in her financial armor, through which at any moment she may receive a thrust that may send her reeling.

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So long as the war debts remain unsettled, there can be no assurance of stability for the lira.

Commenting upon the departure of the Volpi Mission for America, *Corriere della Sera*, a journal that has taken an intractable attitude at times on the subject of making any payments whatever to our country, observed editorially: —

Our representatives have a straightforward and honorable proposal to make. They will promise to pay only as much as Italy can pay. They will not make promises that cannot be fulfilled or that would involve within a few years a serious threat to Italy's economic independence. American capitalists may not be averse, and may be even eager, to see our debt converted into national bonds or bonds secured by private enterprises, so that they may get control of our more profitable undertakings as owners of their stocks or debentures. We cannot consent to this. If we must remain debtors, it is better to remain debtors to a Government holding non-negotiable securities rather than to private owners of public or private bonds who might throw them upon the market in times of crisis and undermine our national credit.



### MORE DARK WAYS IN CHINA

SKEPTICAL spectators who have observed a certain synchronism between disorder and reform in less advanced countries, where large and sometimes conflicting foreign interests have a heavy stake, may imagine that they detect more than a casual connection between the unseasonal troubling of the waters in China at a time when tuchuns usually go into winter quarters and the Tariff and Extraterritoriality Conferences at Peking. Certainly a new civil war would play into the hands of Powers that oppose surrendering the special privileges that foreigners now enjoy in China. And if the first move comes from Wu Pei-fu, who enjoyed the backing of some interests now threatened as long as he showed promise of being a winner in China's internecine rivalries, the suspicion is considerably strengthened.

But there is another side to the story. All the intransigent and defeated elements in China, the outsiders in the present arrangement, instinctively oppose giving Peking the right to tap abundant sources of customs revenue — now administered by Europeans and more or less immune from arbitrary seizure — that might enable the Government there to assert its authority over the whole area of the former Empire. Nor is it likely that Soviet intriguers, if they possess the influence attributed to them, are gratified by such a prospect.

It was with a sort of joyous alarm that some London and Tokyo newspapers opposed to an 'imprudently liberal' policy toward China greeted the news that General Sun Chuan-fang, commander-in-chief of the five armies south of the Yangtze, had suddenly made a forward movement the middle of last month and seized Nanking and Shanghai, which have been held of late by the forces of the Mukden war lord, Chang Tso-lin. This was a direct aggression against the Peking Government, which exists by grace of the Manchurian marshal. According to Tokyo dispatches, the advance had been previously arranged with the consent of the Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang, of his former but more recently betrayed chief Wu Pei-fu, and also of Canton and Moscow. In other words, it was a coup against Chang Tso-lin and the Peking Government.

General Sun Chuan-fang, who has been military governor of Chekiang,

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the province immediately south of Shanghai, is reputed to be a supporter of the Christian General. He occupied Nanking and Shanghai peaceably, as Chang Tso-lin's troops withdrew without resistance. Thereby the greatest commercial centre of China, the wealthy zone in which foreign interests are chiefly centred, has suddenly fallen into the hands of forces that refuse to recognize the authority of Peking, just at the time when the Western Powers are engaged in all-important negotiations with that Government. But it remains to be seen whether the liberal concessions the Powers at the Customs Conference made to the Peking authorities may not detach the Nationalists from the insurgent movement. Before the recent trouble occurred, but when its possibility was foreseen, the *Peking Leader* thus speculated upon the situation: —

The most important motivating consideration behind all this anti-the-present-régime agitation is, of course, the prospect of increased money in Peking as a result of the Customs Conference. And a very important factor in deciding the course which the 'Outs' will pursue will be their conclusion as to whether they stand any real chance of getting their hands on some of that money after the Conference is over. If they think there is such a chance, they will be inclined to sit quiet now, so as to give — as much as possible — the impression that all is lovely in China. If, however, they are convinced that their only chance to get some of the money is to get control of affairs now, or at least to make enough of a fuss so that they will force those at present in control to give them a share in what does come, then trouble may start promptly. And there is another possibility. The 'Outs' may feel that they have no chance of getting anything for themselves, but that at least they can prevent anyone else from getting anything. If this becomes their idea, they may set out to stir up the biggest fuss they can in order to prevent the Conference from meeting at all.

THE FALLIBILITY OF HUMAN EVIDENCE

A FUROR was aroused in the British press over certain remarks alleged to have been made by Brigadier-General Charteris, M.P., former Chief of the British Intelligence Staff in France, at a private dinner in New York. The General is reported to have repudiated the famous war-story that the Germans were making ghoulish use of the bodies of their own dead soldiers in their extreme dearth of munition fats. Aside from what may actually have been said at the dinner, the following conflicting statements regarding the use of the story at the time have been brought out by the recent incident.

*Mr. David Lloyd George.* — The story came under my notice in various ways at the time. I did not believe it; I do not believe it now. It was never adopted as part of the armory of the British Propaganda Department. It was in fact 'turned down' by that Department.

*Mr. C. F. G. Masterman.* — We certainly did not accept the story as true, and I know nobody in official positions at the time who credited it. Nothing suspect as this was made use of in our propaganda. Only such information as had been properly verified was circulated.

*Mr. Ian Macpherson.* — I was at the War Office at the time. We had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the story when it came through. It was supported by the captured divisional orders of the German army in France, and I have an impression that it was also backed up by the Foreign Office on the strength of extracts from the German press. We did not know it had been invented by anybody, and had we known there was the slightest doubt about the truth of the story it would not have been used in any way by us.

The Tory *Morning Post*, which clings to the war mentality, is unwilling to concede that the story has been disproved: —

As to the German explanation, that the word *kadaver* was not used of human bodies,

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it is beside the point, for no one disputes the original intention of these *kadaver* establishments. The story was circumstantially reported from many quarters, Dutch, Belgian, and French as well as British; and is impossible, we suppose, either to prove or to disprove. There was, unhappily, no need to invent stories of German atrocities, as such reports as Lord Bryce's and Professor Morgan's show. The Germans conducted their war upon lines of horror, terror, and cruelty, with cold deliberation, and their cruelties to the living were in our view something far worse than these accusations as to their treatment of the dead. We believe, nevertheless, that only harm and mischief can result from a resuscitation of these gruesome controversies at this time.

At the other extreme the Labor *Daily Herald* points the following lesson from the incident: —

A document was found relating to the use of *kadaver* in the manufacture of explosives; with fat extracted from these 'corpses' glycerin was to be made. Now, it has generally been supposed that it was a genuine mistake to translate *kadaver* as 'corpses' — a mistake by someone who did not know that Germans have another word for human dead bodies, and that this one means the bodies of animals. However, General Charteris claims that the lie was invented by the military authorities, and now holy horror at his frankness is expressed by a number of newspapers which themselves not only lied lustily throughout the war, but have been lying ever since. What they are really annoyed about is this give-away of the manner in which opinion is manufactured. It has been done before during war — and also during peace. It is being done now in France as part of the campaign against the Riffs. If ever we are fools enough to go to war, it will be done again here. For lying is just as necessary a weapon as rifles, bombs, tanks, guns, and planes. But this is n't an aspect of war which war-makers like to hear discussed!

The *Manchester Guardian* takes comfort in the position in which some of its more belligerent contemporaries of eight years ago now find themselves: —

Rejected by the general decency of mankind, the story had, nevertheless, a slight revival in the early autumn of 1918, when an excited officer fancied that he had found an actual 'corpse factory' during a British advance, and a few war correspondents communicated the notion to some English newspapers. The truth — as a British eye-witness of the alleged factory explained in our columns soon after the war — was that a British shell had pitched in a German military cookhouse, blowing the cooks to pieces and scattering their remains among and into the great cauldrons used in all armies to cook soldiers' food. On no occasion was this grotesque piece of defamation admitted to the *Manchester Guardian*, and we understand that it was also rejected, every time it appeared, by more than one London daily paper.

It is noteworthy that a predisposition to censure General Charteris is manifest in journals in which no slander on German soldiers was too fantastic to be published during the war. They attempted, for example, to work up a story that British hospitals at Étaples were bombed by German airmen in preference to the railway or the reënforcement camp between which the hospitals had insanely been placed; but this unsavory piece of calumny was officially discouraged within a few days in consequence of the protests of British airmen in the field. It is pure hypocrisy for those who were prominent in such practices to attempt the suggestion that General Charteris introduced an element of falsehood and detraction into a truth-loving war-world. The whole propagandist atmosphere in every combatant country during the war was an atmosphere of falsehood and detraction. War is an orgy of lying; every competent spy lies his hardest; the daily *communiqué* is hardly ever truthful; almost every dispatch from a war correspondent must, to get through the censor's hands, contain at least lies of omission; to bring off any surprise attack on a large scale your Intelligence Corps must put down a perfect smoke-barrage of lies — forged letters, faked newspaper articles, every description of ingenious falsehood. As soon as an officer or man believes that by circulating lies he can bring victory nearer, or even avert a

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few thousand casualties among his comrades, he will lie till he is black in the face, and it is humbug to affect surprise or indignation at the fact.

The *Spectator* takes virtually the same position: —

Credulity is carried to a high pitch during war, and the rule seems to be that the farther people are from the front the more credulous they are. However the tale grew, we hope it will be proved that our Intelligence Branch did not invent it, though we can understand that an extreme practitioner in propaganda might easily contend that war means a contest of minds as well as a contest of physical endurance and that stories likely to discredit the enemy are legitimately employed. They are, however, a kind of poisoned gas of the brain. We suggest that a controversy will not lead us very far. We believed some things about the Germans which have since turned out to be untrue, and the Germans believed things about us which were equally untrue, and perhaps even more untrue. Such things are the emanations of war; they rise like vapors from a swamp.

✽

### MAKING COLONIES PAY

Colonial labor problems are becoming as live an issue in editorial sanctums as in European chanceries and countinghouses. Americans can listen to foreign debates upon this question with smug complacency, for practices accepted in most European colonies have never existed in our tropical dependencies. Just now the tendency abroad would seem to be toward imposing more rather than less compulsory labor upon the colonial native, and defenders of the 'sane exploitation' of the primitive races no longer feel that it is necessary to apologize for their doctrines. At the opening of the new Indological Faculty at Utrecht — founded, we are told, with funds provided by donors enriched in the Indian trade to counteract the dangerous pro-native sympathies of the faculty of the old training school for Indian officials at Leiden — the inaugural addresses laid stress upon the thesis that colonies must be made to pay. One of the professors cautioned his hearers that 'false theories at home may destroy an empire.'

Great Britain has a lively controversy on hand, to which we have referred on several occasions in our columns, over the question of forced labor in Kenya Colony, where the planters are demanding additional sanctions to compel the natives to work for them. *Journal des Débats* laments the serious indiscretion committed by M. Brunot, Acting Governor of the Ivory Coast, a gentleman whom it describes as 'captivated by the ideological traditions of the eighteenth century,' who directed his subordinates not to bring pressure to bear upon the blacks to make them indenture themselves to European employers. As a consequence, we are told, the natives stagnated in idleness and European enterprises languished. Thereupon the white colonists carried their protests higher up, and M. Brunot was immediately displaced by a new governor, who informed the officials under his jurisdiction: 'We have first of all an economic function. The economic development of the country depends upon us. In order to promote that development we must pay special attention to the natives. We must look after them to see that they multiply. We must train them, and we must gradually inculcate in them habits of steady toil, which lie at the base of all civilization.'

*L'Independance Belge*, commenting upon the conditions resulting from the British administration in Uganda, which was so liberal that 'the native enjoyed all the rights and was subject

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to none of the duties' of maintaining a progressive administration, points from the alleged unhappy conditions there a moral for Belgium's colonial authorities in the Congo: 'Too sudden emancipation and European education are dangerous poisons — they are strong liquors that turn the heads of primitive races. It is exceedingly dangerous to confer these blessings too rapidly. Our Western ideas of liberty and equality, and our book knowledge, should be instilled into these people only in homœopathic doses and very slowly, and at first exclusively to a selected class.'

*

MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to a South African correspondent of the London *Economist*, the pact between the Boer Party and the Labor Party is admitted, even by unfriendly critics, to have worked with reasonable success. 'By-elections have shown that its hold upon the electorate is not at all shaken as yet. Whatever scenes may have been enacted behind the closed doors of the cabinet room, there have been no overt signs of any serious rift between the two sections that compose the governing majority.' This correspondent opines that the South African Union is witnessing a regrouping of Parties along a new alignment, not determined by the old Constitutional issue, 'which had either to destroy the Union or itself sink into insignificance,' but by grave permanent issues such as the race question and the broad divergencies between Conservative and Radical methods of dealing with the new economic and labor problems facing the country since the World War.

THE Argentine Senate recently approved a bill granting certain civil rights to women. These include complete control of their earnings and personal property, the right to form partnerships, and power to administer the property of their children under age and of their deceased husbands.

CAILLAUX'S TRAVELS

I. AT WASHINGTON

'I wonder if it 's a billy or a nanny.'
— *Izvestia*, Moscow

II. AT THE RADICAL CONVENTION

'Mon Dieu, am I seeing things?'
— *L'Écho de Paris*, Paris

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# CANADA — BRITISH OR AMERICAN?[1]

BY MARK HOWLEY

For more than a century Canada has been engaged in the fascinating task of nation-building. She is now looking back, attempting to find out to what extent she has achieved her purpose — in short, what she has up to the present made of herself, and what is to be her future. The series of inter-Provincial visits which political and commercial leaders in Canada have just been paying is symptomatic of quickening interest on the part of Canadians in national affairs.

Canada at this moment is in search of her soul; she is anxious about her destiny. And with good cause. In the great effort to weld into a nation her heterogeneous collection of representatives of many races, she has had more or less to adopt her own measures, with little or no historical appeal to guide or support her. It is the fashion to suggest that the problem of Canada has followed in the wake of the problem of the United States; that, if not exactly identical, they have met at most points. But this is a shallow and fallacious view. In the precise nature of the problem, in the material on which she has had to work, in her ultimate aim, and in her efforts to achieve it, Canada's task has been completely different.

America started as a British colony, but since 1783 she has been independent, owing allegiance to nobody, and seeking to mould the immigrants from all countries who have flocked to her shores into a nation specifically American, expressing only a specific American culture and American ideas. The fact that she has been in a measure influenced by her one-time British allegiance and by her community of interest with Great Britain has been merely incidental, and has played no determining part in the pursuance of her object.

In Canada, however, the situation has been quite another. The nearest historical approach to her problem is to be found in the evolution of England; but whereas England's task in reconciling and welding into one Celtic, Gaelic, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Flemish, and Scandinavian elements has stretched over something like fifteen centuries, Canada has had little more than a hundred and fifty years in which to assimilate representatives of more nationalities of greater variety. There are at present something like nine and a quarter million souls in the Dominion. Let us see, roughly, of what they consist. There is, on the one hand, the great body of two and a half million French descendants of Canada's first owners, mainly in Quebec, but now tending to move westward; there are the descendants of those United Empire Loyalists who crossed the border from the United States in order to preserve what they regarded as the precious heritage of British nationality; there is that great influx of European settlers who, during the last fifty years in particular, have gone from practically every country — especially Great

[1] From the *Review of Reviews* (London Liberal bimonthly), *October* 15



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Britain; and, finally, there is the American immigrant who has followed mainly in the wake of American capital.

It is from material such as this, so diverse, so little susceptible, in many cases, to assimilation, and scattered across a continent more than thirty-five hundred miles wide, that Canada has been, and is, attempting to create a new British nation.

The real extent of the task, however, has not yet been stated. Take some of the factors operating in opposition. It is true that the French habitant has not a great deal of sentiment for or attachment to France as a nation, but he preserves on his Quebec homestead the French tradition as completely as though he were living on the plains of Picardy, and nothing save generous recognition of his political and religious rights has been done to encourage his enthusiasm for British allegiance. The reception, since the intensive development of agriculture in the Eastern Provinces and the spectacular opening up of the West, of many thousands of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe — of people who not only could not speak English, but who were, in most cases, completely illiterate — has provided a second problem.

The third, and perhaps most important, is Canada's proximity to her southern neighbor. Let it be remembered that nothing but an imaginary line divides her from the United States, that America has a population ten times greater, that she is abounding in commercial and industrial resource, that she has invested something like five hundred million pounds in Canada, and that there is constant exchange of population between the two countries. These considerations should help one to realize that in attempting to build in Canada, not only a nation, but a British nation, three thousand miles away from the mother country, prodigious obstacles have been, and are still being, encountered.

Certain factors definitely favorable to the British tradition are, however, still operating. Principal of these is the pride in British citizenship engendered by British status in world affairs, its endowment of liberty, the prestige it gives, the protection it affords. Descendants of United Empire Loyalists, who regard themselves as the aristocracy of Canada, share it with the French habitant, the former Czech, the one-time Italian, the erstwhile Russian, and with him he who is no longer a Pole, as well as with the newcomer from Birmingham or Sheffield, from Hampshire or from rural Wales.

All this is not to say that Canada aims at producing a precise replica of Great Britain, or even a tolerable imitation. Canada aims at evolving a Canadian nation traditionally British, but with a civilization as distinctive as, shall one say, the Welsh, which remains expressive of a loyal nation living amiably within the Empire. The extent of her success is to be measured by an examination of her national life. Is there a national culture? Is there anything distinctive in Canadian music, in Canadian literature, in Canadian art? Judged by these standards, it would be idle to pretend that Canada has yet achieved a national entity. This is natural enough. For two centuries Canadians have been wrestling with elemental forces, clearing forest and scrub, bringing under cultivation the rolling prairie, delving for minerals, flinging across the country two gigantic railways — in fact, creating an agricultural and commercial foundation for the national life. Such pursuits leave little time for issues of the soul and the mind. None the less, she has made definite steps toward a Canadian culture. The work of some of her poets and novelists attests it, and many an

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artist has placed upon canvas scenes that depict, not only the grandeur of the country, but that all-conquering fight with Mother Nature that has done so much to build up in the Dominion a virile and self-confident population.

But no civilization, modern or ancient, remains untouched and uninfluenced by others. What countries, therefore, have inspired and quickened Canadian culture in its present expression? Views are likely to differ. Proximity to America is evident in the work of many a writer, imaginative and descriptive, in the expressions of many a politician and philosopher, and in many a play upon the Canadian stage.

Both British and American periodicals are found in Canada, but the latter predominate greatly. American novels are read in great numbers; but, judging by books found in Canadian homes and in the preferences for literature reported by the organizers of rural libraries in the Prairie Provinces, there is little doubt that, so far as any choice in this direction is exercised, volumes with British atmosphere, depicting British life and British ideals, are most welcome.

Lecturers expounding British ideals in politics, affairs, literature, and art are sought after, and there is always in Canada a considerable number of British players, presenting British plays, who are sure of a warm welcome. Take up any Canadian newspaper you like, and you will find that, though its style and format are essentially American, in the news from abroad, as distinct from that recording and reflecting affairs at home, the preponderance is about opinion and conditions in the mother country.

In the light of these facts it must at first seem astonishing that there should now be any serious discussion of the possible secession of Canada from the Empire and adherence to the United States. But there is such discussion, and the heart-searchings in which some Canadians are engaged, without creating alarm, are sufficiently marked to call for comment. How can it be possible, one may ask, that any of these people who value British citizenship, who are mainly under British influence, and who, at heart, are above all things loyal, should be toying with an issue such as severance from the Empire? It is significant that the demand for secession or mere discussion of the prospect, where it exists at all, comes from the industrial and commercial classes, and denunciation of any such prospect from leaders of thought and opinion.

To take concrete examples: one of the few bodies definitely to express themselves on the matter is the National Association of Marine Engineers in Canada, with headquarters at Montreal, where, on February 6 this year, they passed a resolution as follows: —

> That this body ask the Government of Canada to take steps toward opening negotiations with the Federal Government of the United States of America, with the object of annexation of Canada by the United States. . . . In our opinion there is no other solution of our many problems, and as eventually Canada will be, by her own request, annexed to the United States, we ask, why not now?

Such views are, without question, to be attributed in great part to the commercial conditions existing in the Dominion since the war, contrasted with those in the United States. Canada, like the mother country, enjoyed a temporary post-war boom, and though the reaction has not been so great as in England, it has been serious enough. The stoppage of immigration for five years, two or three indifferent crop seasons, and the relapse into extreme poverty of some of her best European customers, has seriously

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affected Canada's agricultural and manufacturing industries — for, let it be remembered, the Dominion has become a considerable industrial nation; in the last financial year, for example, exports of manufactured goods totaled £118,365,861, and markets for such commodities are now of great importance in her national economy.

Coincident with this decline, Canadians have seen in the United States almost continuous boom conditions. America's great position in the financial and industrial affairs of the world, the vast scale upon which her operations proceed, the high wages of her operatives, her surplus capital which has been invested in such large quantities in Canada, have all made a deep impression upon Canadians whose fortunes are based upon industry. These facts, together with the economic link between the two countries, the similarity of their industrial and commercial life, constant interchange of population, and their close proximity, seem, to those Canadian industrialists who are now searching their hearts, inexorably to lead unionwards.

But while such resolutions as that set out above may be passed, and although, as actually occurred in the Federal House of Commons at Ottawa last year, union was seriously discussed, talk of this nature is mainly subterranean; and, when brought to light of day, it draws from those opponents whom I would broadly call the intellectuals an avalanche of expostulation and denunciation. Publication in a Canadian periodical of an article from an American correspondent, who quoted certain Canadians in support of his argument that Canada must inevitably join the United States, was followed by the editor's statement in a subsequent issue to the effect that the article had been intended only to provoke discussion. He was, he said, overwhelmed by a storm of criticism and abuse. Old readers withdrew their subscriptions, and the Saskatchewan Convention of the Great War Veterans Association of Canada passed a resolution denouncing the publication of such an article, and 'definitely and finally repudiating any political association or allegiance by Canada save to our mother country, Great Britain.'

Sir Arthur Currie, President of McGill University, Montreal, who commanded the Canadian Corps in France, told Canadians in the course of a speech at the Empire Club in Toronto early this year that all loyal Canadians should be ashamed of sentiments in favor of secession and of union with the United States; and, referring to the Eastern population, declared that 'whatever our ancestry and our creed, we are all true to British traditions, and to British ideals.'

There is not, I should say, a single responsible Canadian statesman who supports secession from the British Empire and annexation by the United States, and not one who believes that any such course is a practical issue. But there are people in Canada, loyal subjects of the British Crown, passionately devoted to their country and anxious about the future prosperity of the Dominion, who know full well that this issue cannot be dismissed merely by protestations of loyalty. More than one incident in the past few years has provided the secessionists with good debating-points. There was the opposition shown in London to the signing of the Halibut Treaty at Washington by a representative of the Canadian Government without the countersignature of a representative of the Imperial Government. Irritation has more than once been expressed that it should be necessary to take before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London issues exclusively Canadian —

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a process involving expenditure of much time and money; while the reluctance of financiers in the British Isles to invest capital in Canadian enterprises is contrasted with the generous supplies provided from Wall Street.

Few people in Canada are so childish as to suggest that these issues, individually or collectively, are sufficient to warrant a Canadian demand for severance from the Empire; but the cumulative effect of even petty annoyances stretched over a period of years sometimes exercises a sinister influence before one quite realizes that such penetration is actually at work, and, coupled with the economic ties that already exist, might produce a state of mind that would lead, in any great crisis between the mother country and the Dominion, to a vote for secession.

But in view of the present attitude of the mother country to the smaller nations within the Empire, such minor irritations as those described are likely sooner or later to be removed — certainly not to be increased. More than that, who in the Old Country or in the Dominion for one moment believes that there is ever likely to be a disturbance such as that created, for example, by the historic incident in Boston Harbor? And it would certainly require something quite as fundamental to lead Canadians away from their pride in and loyalty to British citizenship.

One further consideration seems, indeed, practically to dispose of this subject, certainly for scores of years to come. It is the strenuous efforts which the Imperial and Canadian Governments are making to attract what is more or less euphemistically called 'Britain's surplus population' to Canada. The progress of British community settlement in the Dominion, so well encouraged by the Joint Government Scheme for the migration of three thousand families from the Old Country in the course of the next three years, will serve further to strengthen British sentiment. Great numbers of these people are going to Canada in preference to the United States, not merely because of the excellent prospects offered them in the Dominion, but also because there they will still be under the British flag, and their children will no doubt remain as loyal to the British tradition as do the children of the United Empire Loyalists who crossed into Canada nearly a hundred and fifty years ago.

There may still be talk of secession and annexation, but mighty forces in opposition to such talk will prevail. And that will be well, for nothing could be more unfortunate than that Canada's experiment in the making of a British nation, upon which so much time has been spent and so much devotion lavished, and in which so much success has been attained, should have been undertaken in vain.

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# FLORENCE UNDER THE FASCIST TERROR[1]

## BY A MAN FROM MANCHESTER

[A LAND with a censored press, such as Italy is to-day, must content itself with being reported by its critics. The anonymous author of the following article probably speaks with bias, but with a closer approximation to truth than official recorders of Italy's current history. In justice to Mussolini's Government, it should be said, however, that the Prefect of Florence, who was reputed to be one of the best in the kingdom, was instantly dismissed after the murders, together with the Chief of Police and some Fascist leaders.]

TOURISTS who, like myself, arrived in Florence last Monday evening, October 5, had a distinctly unpleasant time of it. Not a cab or a taxi was to be found in the station yard. Nor was one to be had for many hours; the whole town was occupied and held up by marching and counter-marching Fascists celebrating, with a great blare of bands and a bristling display of rifles and bayonets, at once — to use their own words — the 'martyrdom' of one of their leaders and the end of a glorious orgy of 'purification.'

Travelers, English and other, had to squat patiently on their luggage in the barred station-approach from five o'clock in the afternoon until, for many of them, ten o'clock at night. Fascist posters freshly pasted on the station walls helped to beguile the long wait. One briefly announced the assassination two nights before of that 'noble' and 'indomitable' spirit, the Cavaliere Luporini, and the base wounding of another Fascist leader, Signor Gambacciani. Another of later date was devoted to a long and pompous eulogy of the 'martyr,' murdered while engaged in his task of 'purification.' Both of these posters were signed by the local Fascist organization. A third, still fresh upon the walls, contained a short and peremptory telegram dispatched by Farinacci himself from Rome, ordering that 'reprisals' should now cease — simply that and nothing more; no word of condemnation or reproval or regret for these 'reprisals,' which, as later researches showed, had meant the cold-blooded murder of four highly respectable citizens, the beating of many others, the sacking and looting of some scores of shops and offices belonging to traders, lawyers, and other professional men thought to be guilty of not thinking exactly as Fascists do. I speak of research, for no Italian paper, whether local or from Milan, Rome, or Turin, has dared to report the facts, much less the true explanation of the 'martyrdom' of this Fascist 'hero,' the work of 'purification' in which he and his like were engaged, or the nature of the 'reprisals' that followed.

Research is otherwise not easy, for at the outset one encounters the overwhelming fact that in Italy to-day no one dares to speak aloud. In all Florence this week it has been literally impossible to persuade anybody, at least of the better classes, to talk

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *October* 17



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about the week-end's events or what has led up to them. Just as innocent travelers on the railway are liable to be disturbed by some officious interfering members of the Facist party, so in every house and office and gathering there is always likely to be a spy. Delation is universal and the terrorism is complete — more complete than I knew it in Budapest after the overthrow of Bela Kun. For there it was exercised only against known Communist or Socialist leaders or against Jews. But here it applies also, and to-day, after the complete subjection of the workers, almost exclusively to the intelligentsia, the thinking and cultured elements of the population.

It is no accident that the victims of last week-end's Fascist orgy belong entirely to the class that meets regularly in the Brazennose or Constitutional Club in Manchester or any West End club of a similar sort. No one who reads the Fascist press can fail to perceive that in the Fascist philosophy the enemy is not so much the Communist, for whom there is indeed shown a sort of respect as being, so to speak, the other side of the same medal, but the Liberal, the intellectual, or, more broadly, the believer in ordinary political methods.

Herein, indeed, lies the origin of the whole affair. Politics is the ultimate, the unpardonable crime in present-day Fascist Italy. 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me' is the frank doctrine of a Farinacci (or shall we say, for politeness' sake, of his prisoner Mussolini?); and spies have of late reported to Fascist headquarters that the Freemasons, in Latin Europe traditionally a Liberal body, had in their lodge gatherings been guilty of 'talking politics,' of exchanging ideas among themselves, as men belonging to the responsible classes, about the present and future of their common country. Thereupon, some weeks ago, persecution of the usual type — menaces, castor oil, beatings — began.

On Saturday night a Fascist condottiere, the Cavaliere Luporini, accompanied by his fellow Fascist, Signor Gambacciani, descended upon a certain Signor Bandinelli, a sexagenarian professional man, at his house, for the purpose of extorting a list of the Freemasons of the city. When the old man showed some reluctance, the Cavaliere, as in Fascist duty bound, smashed in his face. Fascism, of course, permits of no redress, so that it is perhaps intelligible, though no doubt inexcusable, that a guest who was present lost control of himself, drew a revolver, shot the Cavaliere dead, and wounded his companion. Whatever his fault, he paid for it afterward by being beaten to death. Reprisals — not, be it noted, against Communists or Socialists or workmen or people of the baser sort — were then let loose; of course with the consent of the equally terrorized police and civic authorities. Stores and shops and offices belonging to dangerous Liberals were systematically sacked and looted. Private apartments of other people of the same detested respectability were similarly treated. Prominent lawyers and former deputies were murdered in cold blood, among them Signor Pilati, formerly a moderate Socialist deputy, and Dr. Consolo, a leading Liberal lawyer.

It must be acknowledged that these terroristic 'reprisals' have succeeded. The Freemason headquarters have ordered all lodges throughout Italy to cease holding meetings and to abstain completely from politics. The lesson will have been learned. No one or no body of men henceforward in this country will dare to think politics again until — but let who will finish

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the sentence; it requires a better prophet than a casual visitor to Italy can profess to be.

Let it not be imagined that the Fascist militia, the armed party that exercises such a dictatorship over Italy, consists of a sort of samurai with the better-class youth as their voluntary retainers. No tourist of a few days' visit who has seen the Fascists could retain that illusion. The rank and file are very much the 'ragtag and bobtail' of the cities, and, as the Fascist leaders sadly confess, were many of them formerly in the ranks of Communist terrorism. For the most part the officers belong to the class which in Hungary provides the bravos of 'Awakening Hungary.' Italian hot blood counts for much, but Italian traditions count for more. Fascism is what the biologists call a throwback to the days when Guelph and Ghibelline ruthlessly fought for supremacy, when the faction of the Palazzo Medici recruited the mob against the Palazzo Vecchio. Faction is triumphant as in Renaissance times, and, as in those times, the supreme faction sets itself to exterminate the others.

Most amazing to an English visitor is the picture that the Italian papers present to their readers of his own country; still more amazing the confidence with which talkative Fascists — the only people, of course, allowed to talk — prophesy within a few months a complete Fascist England. And in this they are curiously confirmed, by the way, by the strangely distorted picture of English affairs that is given in a journal printed in English that circulates on the Continent a day ahead of any London paper. 'There are really only two parties nowadays,' they say, 'the Fascist and the Communist; all the rest is mere make-believe and out of date, and rapidly disappearing.' Sir W. Joynson-Hicks's activities interest them immensely. He appears far more often in the headlines than Mr. Baldwin or even Mr. Churchill. To Fascist Italy he is as much a hero as anyone can be, apart from that superhero Mussolini. The Italian correspondents in London seem to concentrate upon him. The Home Secretary's benediction of the O.M.S. is reported and hailed as a complete proof of Italy's wisdom and world leadership. Your Joynson-Hicks, one is repeatedly told, is appealing to private party organizations to help the State against Communism; in principle, therefore, your Government accepts the principle of Fascism; the rest will follow quickly.

It is, of course, useless to point to Mr. Baldwin's emphatic declaration that England would never stand a dictatorship, or, in fact, to argue at all. The Fascist has a perfectly clear idea, satisfactory to himself, of the world's progress toward the dictatorship everywhere of a nationalist, authoritarian, armed faction, intolerant of 'politics.' In his heart he believes that all English Conservatives are, if they only knew it, Fascists. The Hungarian White Terrorists he greets as brothers; the German ultra-Nationalists are, he feels, of his own kin; those in power to-day in Bulgaria beyond praise. But, strange as it may appear to our own 'anti-Red' enthusiasts, for Communist Russia in particular Fascism has a warm spot in its heart. In a few days Mussolini will greet Chicherin with a real cordiality that Joynson-Hicks could not feign. Yet the chief Fascist paper in Florence — there are, of course, no others here — is bitterly, ferociously anti-English.

Let our British Fascists, whoever they may be, and if they really exist, think it out.

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# AN IMPRESSION OF TUNIS[1]

BY PIERO COSTA

At half-past six our siren screeches. La Goletta! We enter a channel that cost several millions and that grumblers say is already silting up. Finally, very cautiously, we manœuvre into the harbor, which is always calm no matter how rough the sea may be outside. In front of us lies Tunis — dazzling, beautiful, intriguing. But I cannot see why the Arabs called her *El Hadra* — 'The Green.' Her scant girdle of vegetation, to tell the truth, is by no means luxuriant.

A traveler who lands at Tunis, especially in the summer, notices at once its atmosphere of quiet, repose, tranquillity. And this impression remains with him as long as he lingers. He may think at first that Tunis is an idyllic place to live in, for prices are still low, and men of all races and religions dwell together here in apparent harmony. But intimacy soon dispels this illusion.

The hot season, with its exodus to Europe and other vacation resorts, leaves the city even deader than most Mediterranean towns during the summer months. It sinks into a siesta from which it does not awaken until October. But if the leading politicians are then absent, their spokesmen continue to wrangle in the columns of the countless little newspapers that have sprung up in the Regency to propagate the opinions of different Parties. For Tunis, with a total population of about two hundred thousand, of whom nearly three fourths are Arabs, supports seven dailies, to say nothing of countless minor sheets in European languages, Arabic, and Hebrew. These papers not only wrangle among themselves, but they attack the Government furiously. They are delighted because the gold loan has failed in France, and openly incite the army against the Syrian and Morocco campaigns. *Aube Sociale* prints this standing invitation: 'Soldiers, victims of imperialist militarism, write and tell us your woes. We shall know how to defend you.'

All this goes on under the elastic régime of the Protectorate — a kind of government that is simple and cheap, but sometimes dangerously lax. It runs things with such a loose rein that every political creed thrives. Socialists and Communists row with each other, but jointly revile and undermine all authority. Rumor has it that several Communist firebrands, closely associated with their fellow believers in Russia, are making Tunis a principal centre for agitation in Africa.

The Arabs greedily swallow the hook, and, confusing Communism with Nationalism, have become bitter enemies of the French, and indeed of all foreigners. They deny that the country has received any real benefits from the French occupation and Italian labor. They rejoice in Abd-el-Krim's victories, and still pin their faith to him notwithstanding his recent defeats. They extend him financial aid with one hand while with the other they welcome Russian allies, two of whom have just been arrested while trying to get into Tripoli.

[1] From *La Tribuna* (Rome Pro-Fascist daily), *September 25*



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*Libéral*, the principal organ of the Arab Nationalists, preaches this creed: 'We must not be deceived by appearances. We should remember that the nations that seem somnolent and backward are really storing up energy for a new future.' This is called 'speaking clearly.' It is the same sort of thing that we heard so often from the Egyptians before the war. Both English policy and French policy, different as they are in methods and principles, have had precisely the same effect in Africa — to create a demand for independence.

The Arabs in Tunis are raising up a body of educated and intelligent leaders who have studied in Europe and have brought back with them what is called 'the new spirit.' These men are laboring to revive the violent demand for liberty and independence that has been smouldering ever since 1881. All the efforts of the Government during the last forty years to make Tunis French have only made it more consciously and ardently Arab.

Are these the only fruits of the policy of collaboration and assimilation advocated by a powerful Party in France, led by the social idealists of the early days of the occupation? Fairness bids us say that there are many — a great many — Arabs who are loyal to the present régime. But who can read the secrets of the Mussulman soul?

Naturally the native official class is the most devoted to the present Government. Farmers and merchants, wholly preoccupied with their grainfields, their olive groves, and their shops, have been immune so far to political agitation, although they are not so ardently loyal as the official class. They take no interest in politics and turn a deaf ear to clamorous politicians, quite content with the benefits that European civilization has brought them. Magnificent highways, regular postal and telegraph service, electric lights, tramcars, a network of railroads, automobile lines in every direction, and frequent steamship connection with the rest of the world, are practical benefits that they appreciate.

In the meantime, while part of the Nationalists are clamoring for independence and the Communists are preaching the gospel of Lenin, between one strike and another, between a blow and a caress, France imperturbably pursues her course. Relegating the 'big questions' to the background, she hastens to bestow the right of naturalization and other benefits upon her colonial subjects and tries to make them Frenchmen. She refuses to be swerved from this policy, though Arab patriots are bitterly opposed to the naturalization of the Jews, and though she knows that most of the European residents, mainly Italians, who change their allegiance do so from considerations of purely material interest — to be eligible for public office, and to enjoy the commercial and other privileges reserved for French citizens.

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# ON THE BOMBAY EXPRESS[1]

BY ANDREAS LATZKO

SOUTHERN INDIA is a severe trial for the great processions of elderly globe-trotting couples from America and Europe who pluck the fruit of their life-labor in the form of a trip around the world. It is possible to-day to repose in the shade of the Himalayas, to sit under the cherry blossoms at the foot of Fujiyama, to watch with a pleasant shudder Hindu corpses burning on funeral pyres along the Ganges banks, to admire magnificent palaces erected by Mongol princes in Northern India, to hunt tigers on elephants, or to watch the seals sunning themselves on the icebergs of the Arctic or Antarctic, without sacrificing that most sacred possession of the modern world — comfort. I have just made a journey from the capital of Upper Burma to Bhamo on the border between China and India in a railway carriage with a private bath. Only in southernmost India, in the triangle south of the great commercial town of Madras, is the white man's comfort still neglected, has the world not been refashioned in the light of his countenance.

Throughout that part of India Brahmanism still rules supreme; the Hindu remains unchanged. Only those who seek a glimpse of India in her ancient benightedness, before the golden radiance of our glorious Western illumination burst upon her, venture to spend four or five nights in its dak bungalows. The first question that the newly arrived tourist in Bombay addresses, with plaintive eagerness to be told No, to travelers coming from Ceylon is, 'Must a person really see South India?' The conscientious but comfort-loving globe-trotter knows that you cannot venture into that troublesome region without your own bedding and dishes; that the Government resthouses have only empty rooms and bare bedsteads; and that this scanty furniture is not eaten up by rats and mice only because snakes glide in through cracks in the walls and devour those troublesome rodents.

No, it is not absolutely necessary to visit Southern India. I say this with a clear conscience, notwithstanding the unforgettable impression that the Siva Temple at Madura and the Vishnu Temple at Trichinopoly have left in my memory. Their massiveness, their peculiar art, their unnumbered intricate reliefs and sculptures and pillars, contain nothing comprehensible to a person with Western ideas of beauty. What the visitor carries away, and can never thereafter forget, is the experience of looking eye to eye into the Gorgon face of the Middle Ages. What the Chinese failed to do with their Great Wall the Brahmans have accomplished with their magic ring of faith. They have shut up in South India three thousand castes, from god-like Brahmans down to the human vermin of pariah villages; they have sealed up these castes for all time in three thousand steel cells so that no power, no service, no stroke of fortune, can ever release them. Life once begun

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *September* 6



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is fixed and final from the cradle to the grave. The only turnkey who can open its door is Death.

A Western traveler emerging from this land greets the towers of Madras, the serried masts in its harbor, its great railway-station, with a feeling of relief akin to that a deep-sea diver must feel when his heavy helmet is unscrewed and he again recovers contact with the light and air and life of the normal world. The third-largest commercial city of India, the centre of the Coromandel Coast, belongs as entirely to the present, to our trading, bartering, busy age of to-day, as the South India behind it belongs to her ancient gods and mummified world of castes. But like every town that lives only for trade, Madras is disillusioning for the tourist. It has no traditions, no art, nothing to break its monotony. It is a vast warehouse. Its only attraction is the Bombay Express, which runs once a week on steamer days to connect with the mail boat from Bombay to England, and covers in thirty hours the nine hundred miles from the east coast to the west coast. All the other trains take more than twice as long.

Madras has a business street with candy shops and with Paris perfumes in the show-windows. As you stroll up and down its pavements you discover that it is an exhaustive object-lesson of England's marvelous gift for colonization. A few hours' railway journey down the coast lies Pondicherry, which Viscount de Barras, who later defeated Robespierre and discovered Bonaparte, defended valiantly against the English. That town even to-day is a piece of old France. A glance down any of its streets betrays its origin. Everything is like a parody of Paris; it is like a section of the Boulevard Sevastopol, decorated with palms, populated with half-naked, exotic-colored people, and shipped via Marseille and landed on the Coromandel Coast. It is just the same at Togo, Kamerun, and Tsingtau. There you stumble upon miniature Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Churches, and Siegesallees, and wander through displaced parodies of Potsdam Place and Leipzig Street.

At Madras one is confronted at every turn by huge monumental structures, far too large and costly to have been built by the natives for their own use. But the material is the same as that employed by the Grand Moguls for their palaces. Even the High Court of Justice, designed by English architects for British judges, follows slavishly the Hindu-Mohammedan mongrel style. Its interior is dark and gloomy, consulting that eagerness to escape the sun characteristic of these latitudes. The carved pillars in the courtrooms exhibit no ornaments that are not born of the spirit of India, that are not borrowed from some historical native building. 'What is that great building?' the stranger stops to ask on every corner. The answer is, 'The School of Arts for the promotion of native crafts,' or 'The General Hospital,' or 'The Maternity Hospital' — the last two both for natives. Yonder handsome pillared building with Moorish arcades is the market for Mohammedan residents. The Greek temple to the right was erected in memory of a victorious English governor and is called Memorial Hall; but it serves as a meeting-place for native religious or political gatherings. The little park between the Victoria Technical Institute and Connemara Library is crowded with students, many with the sect mark of Vishnu or Siva on their foreheads. All are in native garb. But the fact that every other one wears glasses suggests that Northern science is harder on the eyes than the tropical sun.

The station-master from whom the

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white sahib procures his reserved compartment in the Bombay Express, with his visiting-card posted on the door, is a youngish Hindu who also wears tortoise-shell glasses. My name or accent attracts his attention. He asks me my nationality. When he discovers I am not an Englishman he at once becomes confidential. He begins to discuss Indian and European literature. His bright eyes sparkle behind his glasses when he names Tagore. The guards who servilely examine our tickets are mere Tamils. Their yellow, Negroid faces suggest only tips. The spectacled high-caste Indian looks down contemptuously upon these colored cousins, who are out only for money and pleasure, and know nothing of a culture far older than our own.

For thirty hours our train chases across the plateau of Central India. In front of each of the countless little stations stands the slender silhouette of a young Indian; and wherever naked coolies are laboring upon the road the spectacles of a young Indian engineer sparkle. Only the gainful occupations of trade and commerce are dominated by the broad, fat-cheeked, rogue-eyed Tamils.

Some of the latter are my fellow passengers. They waddle into the dining-car, heavy gold watch-chains stretched tautly across their corpulent waists, and take places next to the Sahib. But none would be so bold as to seat himself in the same compartment with a white man. It is in order to forestall the possibility of such a mischance that the English management has the name of every European traveler posted on his compartment. That does not hurt the Tamil's feelings in the least. He makes money, grows rich, builds himself fine houses. And for the high-caste Indian the separation of the races is only protection. He would find it most irksome to be placed in a position where he must treat the white barbarians as his equals.

Nowhere does the traveler feel the deadening effect of the rhythmic rumble of iron wheels on steel rails, the stupefying monotony of modern railway-travel, more vividly than on the Bombay Express. India! Dreamland! Unpronounceable station-names that look as if they were borrowed from the Mahabharata; white cotton plantations; naked villagers; the wild riven basalt deserts of the Deccan — all fly past confused with telegraph wires and poles, with semaphores and signal-houses, and the eye refuses to see them. They are part of the meaningless, conventional panorama of modern travel. Not until the train plunges over the edge of the high plateau and descends through deep-cut canyons to the coast, and until far below the many-colored roofs of Bombay emerge to view like a wide expanse of tinted sea in the hazy golden radiance of the morning sun, does interest revive again.

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# BLACK WATER[1]

## BY JOSÉ HERNAN FIGUEROA

OUR mounts stood waiting for us and we were on the point of leaving Pulares. But we lingered a few minutes to eat one of our host's flavorous little cheeses with peaches from his orchard, whose trees were loaded with the rosy fruit until their branches almost touched the ground. Pulares itself is not much of a place — not even a village or hamlet, but simply a few scattered cabins strung along the highway to Los Valles. Arrieros and travelers stop there perforce to rest their weary beasts after the grueling passage of the mountains through fifteen leagues or more of narrow, treacherous, boulder-paved canyon. The stream that leaves the mountains at this place is drawn off during the dry season through innumerable *tomas* of the neighboring proprietors to irrigate their fields of alfalfa and of the inferior tobacco raised here — except, of course, what is stolen on dark nights by lawless squatters who cut the ditches to water their droughty gardens.

Thus the stream is robbed of the crystalline waters it collects from the high ranges beyond and brings down through Laurel Canyon, a paradise of verdure cloistered between high precipices and cooled by the eternal mountain breeze, which supports small herds of half-wild cattle and troops of still wilder colts on the narrow but luxuriant pastures that border its silvery stream.

Our route lay up this canyon, and we had planned our going so as to reach Cuesta del Obispo by nightfall — seven hours' riding.

Aramayo strapped on his silver spurs, with one foot supported in a stirrup, pulled down his broad-brimmed wool sombrero with both hands until it flattened out his ears, and grinning at Don Carlos, who stood watching these preparations, said: 'So you think the river looks ugly, do you?'

Don Carlos smiled back as if to say, 'Have n't I known the river like the palm of my hand ever since I was a baby?' But he contented himself with repeating his previous caution: 'Listen, Aramayo; you know I have no reason to ring a false alarm. Remember what happened last year to the young road-engineer who laughed at my warning. So and so and so and so. It did n't look like a storm. The cirrus and the cumulus and all the other clouds promised fair weather. He was just out of the university. So he started off with his theodolite and other traps, and his riding-breeches that made him look like a shavetail lieutenant, fancying he knew all there was to learn in this world. And only a few hours later we fished him out of the river with a lasso, when he was riding down on a log he had been lucky enough to straddle and was shouting for help like a madman. He lost all his instruments, and just missed losing his precious life.'

Aramayo kept on smiling in his incredulous way. Then turning to me

[1] From *Caras y Caretas* (Buenos Aires illustrated topical semimonthly), *September 26*



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he said: 'And you 'll run off, too, with your tail between your legs?'

'I? I don't think we should lose anything by waiting until to-morrow. A day more or less does n't count. But if you say so, I 'm ready to start.'

It was a lie. I did not really want to start, but I had a young fellow's pride in not showing the white feather. I had just been appointed to a government job on the border and felt I must live up to the country's reputation and act like a man among these hard-living, hard-riding, dare-devil frontiersmen.

So we started. Aramayo, mounted on a rawboned yellow mule, which was an excellent traveler, rode ahead to pick the trail. He was a short, stocky, sinewy fellow, with a sharp nose that gave a comical quirk to his round, good-humored face. Though reserved of his opinions, and with no more education than the back country afforded, he was shrewd and caustic in his judgments. I knew him as a self-made man who had made a small stake out of a little borax and nitrate mine that he had developed by his own labor, and who gradually had become a local political boss and been elected to the provincial legislature. Naturally he was more or less flattered and fêted at the club down in the capital, where the politicians are careful to look out for rising country-members. But his chief diversion there had been to sit on a bench in the plaza, wearing a brand-new suit of store clothes, a big ring, and a huge gold watch-fob, and stare at the fashionably dressed ladies going to the cinema.

Since my government appointment had been by Aramayo's favor, I felt bound to stick by him on this trip. Without his influence and friendship I could hardly succeed in my new job. So a higher prudence bade me put aside any uneasiness Don Carlos's prediction raised in my mind and face the risk.

A string of pack mules driven by two stalwart peons and laden with leather trunks, miscellaneous packages, and cans of kerosene, followed Aramayo, raising a thick cloud of dust that at times half-blinded me in the tricky canyon-wind. We proceeded at a deliberate pace up the rough trail. The scenery, which grew more magnificent as we advanced, reached a climax after we entered Esciope Canyon — an awe-inspiring cleft in the mountains whose precipitous sides were clothed with dense timber. Laurels and calabash trees shaded its depths with their robust branches; and ceiba trees dripped moisture on us from their dewy foliage as we passed. The latter were covered with such a profusion of bright scarlet blossoms that they looked from a distance as if they had been sprayed with fresh blood. Chattering parrots, white-jacketed magpies, redbreasts, and multicolored 'melon birds' made the dense thickets ring with their cries and songs. Wherever an open glade disclosed its sunny perspectives to our passing vision, we caught glimpses of magnificent panoramas of vegetable architecture — vistas down lofty, shaded Gothic-cathedral aisles of foliage, pilasters supporting half-hidden emerald vaultings, arcades of slender columns that seemed consciously designed as examples of Nature's perfect mastery of form.

As I was reflecting on these analogies I was recalled abruptly to practical matters by my mule, who had been trotting along a level stretch under free rein and now came to a sudden halt. The pack train had stopped just ahead so that the peons could give their animals a feed of corn and salt. Aramayo rode back to a point where his voice could reach me despite the rising wind that had begun to whistle down

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the canyon, and shouted: 'Hey, *Comisario*, I guess we've put our foot in it.'

I was about to reply, denying the justice of the plural, when the disturbing thought popped into my mind: What if he is right? So I shouted back: 'Yes, yes, what is it?' conscious of a tremor in my voice that brought a blush to my cheek.

'See here,' he said, 'I don't believe we ought to stop here. It's going to rain. I'm sure of it now. More than that, I'll bet you that they're getting a regular downpour up on Cuesta del Obispo. We must reach Mal Paso as soon as possible. After we pass that it won't be so bad. The canyon widens up above. But we've got to push ahead. We ought to be out of danger in an hour.'

I stared at him with a feeling of dismay, realizing what it meant when a man of his type, familiar with the mountains, was so disturbed. He pulled off his hat, wiped his brow, and made the sign of the cross. I followed his example with a trembling hand.

'Hey, hey,' he shouted. 'Push ahead, push ahead! Don't stop.'

Instantly all was in wild confusion. The mules, disturbed in the midst of feeding, struggled rebelliously to finish their corn. For a few minutes nothing was audible but a din of hoofs scrambling on the pebbles, rattling kerosene cans, resounding thwacks on the sides of reluctant animals, and the muleteers shouting: '*Arre! . . . Arre, Barcina! Mocha, mocha!*'

'Listen, *amigo*, will you do me a favor?'

'Whatever you want, Aramayo.'

'Well, look here. I've got to stay behind and help these fellows get along with the animals. They can't do it alone. I'll lend them a hand, or we shan't make it. Do you hear me? Do you hear me?'

Just then a burst of wind caught my poncho and twisted it around my face, so that my reply was muffled. So he repeated his question.

'I hear. What is it?'

He spurred his animal, and a moment later was at my side. 'Hurry on ahead. If you see anything peculiar either in the looks of the water or the smell of the wind, — anything peculiar, — hurry back and tell me.'

'All right.' The answer was fairly jerked out of me by the sudden plunge of my mule, which Aramayo had given a sharp cut behind.

An hour later we were close to Mal Paso. I gave a sigh of relief. At this point the cliffs draw so closely together that they leave an exceedingly narrow passage. Tall buttresses towering to a dizzy height on either side leave just enough room for the river to squeeze through. Before it emerges from its close confinement it plunges headlong against an enormous boulder fully thirty feet high that has fallen like an aerolite from one of the summits into the very middle of the abyss. Here the stream divides, dashing against the walls of rock on either hand, which it has undercut in deep treacherous fissures, and emerging a little later to ripple on with an innocent murmur through a flower-studded meadow just below. This pass has been the scene of so many tragedies that its history has become involved in legend. There are tales of entire parties being swept away by the swift waters and their lifeless bodies tossed like those of shipwrecked sailors on to the banks below.

I was at the upper end of this narrow pass, and my spirits rebounded at the thought that all danger was over, when my mule halted, as abruptly as he had an hour before, in the very middle of the stream. He seized his bit, laid back his ears, bucked, and tried to turn around. I looked at the water, seeking to divine the cause of his sudden panic,

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and saw that the whole stream as far as I could see in either direction had suddenly become covered with a milky foam as white as canvas. Dry twigs and branches shot past on the swift current. A strangling, acrid odor that I had not noticed before rose to my nostrils, and I realized at once that the disaster we feared was upon us. My mule's terror became uncontrollable. Taking the bit in his teeth, he gave a convulsive bound, his eyes glaring with fright, his nostrils dilated, and in a moment had rushed back through the sombre gulch that was already growing dark with the declining sun. Just beyond I met Aramayo.

'The freshet! The freshet's coming,' I shouted.

'Near or far?' asked Aramayo, irritated by my vagueness.

I was unable to reply, for my mule was utterly out of control. He plunged madly the moment I tried to check him, and seizing the bit in his teeth darted down the canyon with an agility incredible in such an animal and bounded up its steep side like a rubber ball, regardless of vines and trees, his haunches almost touching the earth as he scrambled up the declivity. Bleeding and torn by the spines of the thickets, lashed by the limbs of the algarobas, I clung as best I could to the neck of the crazy beast, whom I was soon to caress for having saved my life. Thus I found myself a moment later on the summit of a retired wooded acclivity, where great flocks of wild birds were nesting undisturbed.

A choking feeling of terror seized me and for a minute paralyzed all action. By the time I had collected myself enough to gaze down into the deep valley at my feet I saw a terrifying spectacle.

A heavy, nauseating, miasmic odor — a strangling odor of decay and sulphur fumes — filled the air. The rapidly rising waters surged wildly through the narrow cleft in the mountains and divided into two arms that tore the earth from either bank as they rushed forward. The water now looked jet black. It rolled along the huge boulders in the river bed with a hollow sound like the howling of wind through a forest. Trees, large and small, were borne along on the current, their tops half-submerged; and now and then these catapulted in the air, their roots tossed high and quivering like lacerated nerves. The smaller stones swept on by the hurtling water clashed against each other with a sharp crackling like the rattle of a machine-gun. Occasional mountain goats and cattle struggled in the current, their heads just above the surface, and bellowing lustily. From time to time the rumble of a landslide punctuated the tumult with a dull, sullen roar.

As I stared aghast at the spectacle, half-bereft of my senses by its tragic suddenness, I heard a shrill 'Hiiipijii! Hiiipijii!' rising above the lower key of the river's mighty roar. Looking up and down the valley, trying to discover its source, I at length discerned the figure of a man wildly waving his poncho, perched on the top of the débris heaped at the bottom of a neighboring cliff. When I had made my way a short distance in his direction, and convinced myself that it was Aramayo safe and sound, I caught myself repeating over and over in a sort of sobbing chant: 'Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory to God!'

'Amen!' said Aramayo as I came up to him. And again he made the sign of the cross.

We sat there, it seemed for ages, watching the black waters rush past, heavy with soil, and covered with the detritus of the mud geyser that had burst forth somewhere up the valley beyond, in the lonely desolation of the *puna*.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES

## I. THE NEW LITERATURE[1]

BY NICOLAS SÉGUR

When the summer comes on, and the exodus of Parisians begins, literary production — or, rather, the appearance of books — begins to fall off. At such a moment one has a little respite. Let us profit by this to take a look at the period that has closed, and especially at the general tendencies of contemporary literature.

Exactly a century ago, or about the year of grace 1825, a great movement was beginning and was turning French literature upside down. Romanticism, which had already come into being in the works of Mme. de Staël, Châteaubriand, and Lamartine, was about to break forth and declare itself. The preface to *Cromwell* dates from 1827 — that preface which was to play the same rôle that had been played 280 years earlier by Du Bellay in the *Défense et illustration de la langue française*.

Can we say to-day that as many possibilities are germinating as there were a hundred years ago? Is a gleam, similar to that romantic dawn, full of ardor, in which, as Théophile Gautier said, 'everything was budding, everything was blossoming, at once,' about to burst out in the midst of the relative confusion of to-day? For, of course, there are certain analogies between the twilight that came at the end of the literature of the Empire and that which we are passing through to-day. The two periods were equally tried by a succession of great wars, both experienced strong political emotions, and both came on the heels of a sort of literary exhaustion. They are comparable, besides, in a common anarchy, and also in a great expenditure of activity.

But at the beginning of the nineteenth century all Europe was in a state of rejuvenation. Great literary currents, having their source in Germany, and seeds of political and religious rebirth, which had blossomed in France, had already produced premonitory works and given a foretaste of the great harvest.

To-day, although there is great fermentation and great fecundity, literature presents an uncertain spectacle. Nowhere among the young men does one observe perfect mastery, and the voices of the past remain dominant. The geniuses of to-day are still the geniuses of yesterday — the Knut Hamsuns, the Selma Lagerlöfs, the d'Annunzios, the Pirandellos.

In France, at any rate, the first assertion that one can make concerns the nonexistence of any new school and the corresponding presence of many independent individualities among the young literary men or novelists of to-day. All the groups seem to be ephemeral, and the most recent, if not the most important, that of surrealism, has produced, on the whole, nothing really conspicuous. Super-

[1] From *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly), *September 15*



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realism appeared, however, to contain the elements for a school, and M. André Breton, its founder or its apostle, gave us last year a manifesto and also some samples of the genre that he extolled. A very eloquent and very curious manifesto; but the eagerness to destroy in it was much superior to the novelties that the new æsthetics claimed to supply. Super-realism would seem to be, in brief, a sort of abandonment of the writer, not to instinct as in Dadaism, but to automatism, to obeying the flux of thought, to writing at the dictate of impressions, without being preoccupied either with principles or with logic. Such seems to be the process that M. Breton advised young men to follow if they would achieve anything superior to the mediocre and contemptible realism with which Balzac and Flaubert were contented.

Except for the recent novel by M. Philippe Soupault, the author of *Les Frères Durandeau,* I have not seen in these recent days any striking manifestations of super-realism; and, besides, its adherents are deserting it. One of the young men whom M. Breton enrolled among the super-realists, M. Joseph Delteil, had this year a success based on boldness and frank sincerity with his *Jeanne d'Arc;* but M. Delteil has, I believe, in an interview, practically denied, or renounced, super-realism.

No, I do not think that we have a school that is about to declare itself and to take the upper hand, but rather a few new literary tendencies that must be examined.

One of the first, and perhaps the most significant, is the negation of all classic discipline. The super-realism of which we have just been speaking leans upon the theories of Freud and the power of the Bergsonian unconscious, in order to scorn culture and the past. M. Breton declared in his manifesto the very slight esteem he had for learning and knowledge, and how much he preferred *Ubi Roi* to the whole of Shakespeare.

Most of the young authors of to-day, without being super-realists, share this scorn for the past. From this point of view I consider the inquiry published here a few months ago into the sentiments of the young literary generation toward Anatole France to be genuinely revelatory. The fact that the most gifted among the authors of to-day, such as M. Martin-Chauffier or M. Henri de Montherlant, have expressed a sort of contempt for the author of *Thais,* considering him as scarcely more than a primary scholar, as one who warmed-over the Larousse dictionary, as a writer without either sensibility or personal flavor, is very eloquent. And, besides, one can deduce from a great many other symptoms the conclusion that the literary generation of to-day — aside, no doubt, from certain exceptions — is a hater of culture. In a certain sense, romanticism was a return to ancestral springs, to the study of the mediæval origins of Europe. With the help of culture and of history, romanticism succeeded in reviving a whole past age. To-day, on the other hand, we observe a great indifference to the past. The young men worship, above all, what is impulsive, instinctive, personal, and as they reject all classical discipline, they also want to ignore every refinement of style, for style, too, is a tradition, a recognition of continuity — a sort of respectful tribute, as it were, paid to the past.

Another characteristic of the literary movement of to-day is the tendency of most young men to arrest and astonish their readers by strange or adventurous narratives. If there is no new literary school, there is a new and variously cultivated type — marked, to be sure, by great differences, but consisting in general of a mixture of adventure with

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humor. M. Paul Morand, M. Giraudoux, M. Alexandre Arnoux, and a great many others, write in this vein.

And it must be said that this type of novel, which has found so much favor with the public, is in harmony with the spirit of the time and answers the needs of the moment. For after all, springing as it does from that great European conflict which cost so much money and aroused so many emotions, and dictated by the need of appeasing our shattered nerves, of distracting our thought, we have welcomed eagerly the novel of adventure, the strange, picturesque novel which at once shocks and soothes our minds, just as we welcomed the tango and the shimmy, which shocked and soothed our bodies.

A great deal of emotion concentrated in a small space — that is what we are after. The simple novel of adventure, such as M. Pierre Benoit used to give us, although modernized and adorned with a little polish, was only another aspect of the novel of Dumas, of Rider Haggard, or of Stevenson, with which we were familiar.

To combine adventure with humor, to bedeck it with all the graces of sophisticated literature, to add to it all the charms of irony — that is what a band of young writers, without unity, and with the most diverse temperaments, have undertaken. How many talented minds are cultivating fantasy — that fantasy which is the queen of the day! We could cite a great many names, and if we do not do so it is only because we fear the list would be incomplete. In these little novels, in which observation affects so much oddness, in which everything is calculated to astonish, in which emotion is finished off in a stroke of satire, one cannot but observe, I believe, the unique product of current literature.

Can one say that, in addition to this predominance of fantasy and humorous eccentricity, there are no other tendencies to be defined? Well, in the first place, as a consequence of this curiosity, of this taste for adventures and sudden turns of fortune, of this desire to astonish and agitate the public, we observe an extension of the colonial novel, a more general use of that type of exoticism which was brought in by Loti. Pierre Loti awakened our amorous curiosity by giving us a glimpse of the Malay, the Khassukhee, the Moroccan, flesh. To-day, thanks to so many colonial or exotic novels, we can visit the most distant countries by means of books and be intimate with women of Africa, Asia, and Oceania. We are familiar, not only with the amours of savages, but also with the massacres which precede or which crown them, as in the curious, remarkable, and very original novel of M. Bloch, *La Nuit Kurde*.

Another phenomenon — due again to our insatiable appetite for adventure — is the complete abrogation of reality which some writers have made in order to astonish us more effectively and to satisfy our need for novelty. Certain others have skillfully rejected logic, thus leaving their imaginations absolutely free and leading us dizzily into an arbitrary world and an arbitrary life. A young novelist, M. Jean Cassou, has given us two very strange and very personal novels of this fantastic type.

Let us remark, finally, that the element which Marcel Proust brought into literature, that taste for noting the complexity of phenomena, for seizing reality in all its details and the progress of thought in all its meanderings, has had some influence on the new literature. We do not exactly see any direct disciple of Marcel Proust, but many writers of the new generation have been touched by his influence, from M. Béhenne to M. Martin-Chauffier and M. de Lacretelle.

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We should also remark certain tendencies toward a Pan-European novel, of which M. Valéry Larbaud's works are the best representatives. These tendencies coincide with a renewal of curiosity that has led us to study foreign literature. It must, in fact, be observed that after a slumber of some decades we are beginning to come into contact again with the writers of the rest of Europe. Here is a sign of the times, another indication of that fermentation and that fever for search which characterizes the contemporary mind.

And now, what is going to come of all this? No one can say. Never, perhaps, has there been more literary activity, more feverish production, more originality; and never, perhaps, has the present been willing to live in so complete a forgetfulness of the past. This is all that one can assert — hoping, as one must, a great deal of the future,

## II. THE ZEITGEIST[1]

BY EDWIN MUIR

It has been a habit in criticism for some time to be concerned with the spirit of the age. Books are praised because they enshrine it, or condemned because they do not. No doubt this policy is a good one; yet a considerable difficulty stands in the way of its practical application: that about the spirit of the age it is almost impossible to make an incontestable assertion. We do not know its attributes, nor how it operates and to what end, nor why it is what it is; we only know that it is. We cannot tell in which of our contemporaries it is most essentially represented; whether it is more in Mr. Lawrence than in Mr. Strachey, whether Miss Sitwell has it or Mr. Eliot, or whether Mr. Joyce is its true prophet. Regarding it romantically, we might be tempted to think of it as a force of immense resources, but blind, which throws out parts of itself experimentally in various directions to discover in which it will find its greatest satisfaction.

Yet subjectively, in our experience we feel it in quite a different way. We feel it as a thing pressing in upon us, a force against which we can never be prepared, for we do not know its strength, its attributes, or the means by which it operates. The writer will express these attributes in works of art, but he can never define them; and when he tries to do so he will fall, as Mr. Lawrence has done in his didactic writings, into half-truth and unintelligibility. In any case he will not feel like a reed through which the spirit of the age blows; that theory of the Zeitgeist will be refuted for him by his ever-present struggle to impose form upon his material.

When a force determining men's lives is indefinable, inescapable, and overpowering, it will arouse hostility in those who realize its power, and this hostility will be the more intense the more complete the realization. A man who apprehends the power of the age will regard himself as its enemy; like Milton, Swift, Blake, Wordsworth,

[1] From the *Calendar* (London literary monthly), October

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Shelley, and a host of other writers, he will show a distaste almost grosteque for contemporary habitudes of thought. This hostility is in certain writers inevitable; it is in effect a testing of the age by itself, an assaying process from which, its deceptions and fashion burned away, the age emerges in greater purity. For all great writers are of their time, though they generally think of themselves as outside and against it; and when they attain expression in art the age is interrogating itself, is being differentiated for the purpose of self-realization. Without this hostility against itself the spirit of no age could come to realization; it would remain undifferentiated and unawakened; it could never be objectified, for all objectification implies separation.

And in the greater number of its writers the spirit of an age is never objectified. For though we find it hard to tolerate, the law of mediocrity holds in literature as in ordinary life; the majority of writers accept fashion blindly, never feel the abnormal need to question, are either satisfied with things as they seem, or else are content with a mood of wonder which cannot goad them beyond itself. This is a fact neither to be astonished at nor deplored, but simply to be accepted as inevitable.

Writers of this ineradicable order are not necessarily popular; they may have a regard for art; they are sometimes within their limitations sincere; but their decisive limitation is that habitually they speak out of the Zeitgeist as if they were speaking in their sleep. All the thoughts, attitudes, phrases, techniques, of the Zeitgeist crowd into their minds and emerge again, with an individual twist, it is true, for personality can never be completely abnegated, but without a single fundamental question having been addressed to them. Works produced in this way are immediately understood by all those who are in the stream of the same Zeitgeist. They are understood as 'Lalla Rookh' was at a time when Shelley was scarcely known at all, or where known was despised.

This comprehension is complete and immediate because authors of this order never question the premises of the age, and because to question premises is always an unfamiliar and unwelcome process. What marks these writers is that they accept the spirit of the age both consciously and unconsciously; their conscious is accordingly a mere passive reflection of a general unconscious, and is incapable of being turned back into that unconscious, to discover and objectify what is there. They are mere expressions of the thing of which as artists they should be the contemplators. If they have enthusiasm, it is not their enthusiasm; if disillusion, not their disillusion; if thoughts, not their thoughts. For these are manifestations of a literary fashion, and it is in the essential nature of fashion to blind us to its meaning and the causes from which it springs, to everything, in fact, except the inevitability of the conformity it demands.

There are two ways in which the writer may avoid being assimilated by the age; one is by struggling with it, the other is by escape. Both imply an intense apprehension of the spirit of the age, and both are in greater or less measure salutary, for even by escape the writer maintains his personality intact. But it is he who wrestles with the age who finally justifies both it and himself; for, if it oppresses the writer, the spirit of the age has also something of incalculable value to give him, which only by it can be given. It not only presents him with a new resistance, unlike that presented by any other period; it gives him a new inspiration,

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once the resistance has been vitally pierced.

If, ignoring his age, a writer turns to past literature for his stimulus, he will find that the resistance is not sufficient to evoke his full powers, that, try as he may, the urgency and immediacy which are the signs in art that a problem not merely chosen but destined has been faced will remain absent from his work. In theory he may be apparently right; he may justly hold that only what is permanent is great; yet his orientation to the problem will be completely erroneous, for the good writer is not concerned with the things that in literature have been proved permanent, but rather with the things in his age and his experience that have not been so proved, to which by realizing and objectifying them he may give permanence.

What we recognize as the Zeitgeist of a past age is that part of it which in this way has been objectified. What we feel as the contemporary Zeitgeist, on the other hand, is a raw potentiality whose crystallizations in art are the less clearly recognizable by us the more completely we are under the influence of that potentiality. This blindness about itself is not peculiar to our age. It is the fate of every age of transition. To the intelligentsia a hundred years ago the spirit of the age was not represented by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley, but rather by Campbell, Moore, and the *Edinburgh Review*. It is true, the intelligentsia have no power over us as soon as the age which produced them has passed, but while they are contemporary they are the chief moulders of opinion, and have incalculable power, the infinite power of suggestion.

In the modern world the power most solidly obnoxious to the artist is not the public but the intelligentsia.

The thesis that the writer who most completely expresses the spirit of the age is he who is consciously against it is less paradoxical when it is put in different terms; and if it were said that to a sincere or original spirit life must always be more difficult than it is to the mediocre or the fashionable, the agreement would be general. It is the almost hypnotic power of suggestion which contemporary modes of thought, hopes, assumptions, desires, — the Zeitgeist, in short, — cast upon us that prevents our admitting readily this particular application of a generally admitted truth.

Nothing is more amazing in our time than the amiability of literary men toward one another. Dozens of intelligent critics have not scrupled to call Mr. de la Mare a great writer; Mr. Chesterton has accorded the same title to Mr. Squire; and Mr. Strachey, of all people, has bracketed Shakespeare and Mr. Eliot together, evidently as poets of the same quality. Politeness cannot account for such happenings; it would be perfectly satisfied with the acknowledgment that Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Squire, and Mr. Eliot are writers of indubitable and acknowledged talent. The thing which, when we praise contemporaries, makes the praise involuntarily too high, is the genuine desire that they should be great, the necessity to see significance in our era, whether it is precisely where we are discovering it or not. Condemning a contemporary work, a critic can retain objectivity and measure, for he is not seeing it through the magnifying glass of his wishes; but as soon as he begins to praise, he is carried away by his desires and his hopes, which are far greater than the object he is considering, and a modest virtue will make him believe that here is the fulfillment of all he has been unsciously looking for.

The illusions we have about contemporary literature are the measure of the power of the Zeitgeist, the Zeitgeist

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which can only continue to exist by appearing to justify itself in effectual expression, and which will finally convince us, therefore, that the expression is effectual.

The illusions of his period no writer has been able to throw off completely, for they are knit with the period's desires, and with what makes the artist create. If in Shakespeare there is not so much of the illusion of the Elizabethan age as in Marlowe, the inescapable residue remains. If Wordsworth and Shelley said fewer than Southey of the things which the mobilized forces of their environment made it inconceivable that they should not say, they said enough to show where mass suggestion ended and poetry began. When, giving voice to revolutionary ideas outworn, even pedantic, to us now, they announced the immediate dawn of a new era, they were not poets, but manifestations of their time; and it was only when, concerned with the further meaning of that ideology, they tried to find something within themselves to justify it that they attained utterance true both to themselves and their era. In the creative writer's struggle with the illusions of his time there is a stage where the illusions become truth, where, no longer influences or assumptions, they are objectified as moments in the permanent experience of mankind. Yet it is the Zeitgeist, the mass of suggestion, desire, and suffering of the time, which differentiates one literary period from another; by presenting a new resistance it provokes a new response.

To indicate the points at which a true resistance has been faced in contemporary literature must be infinitely difficult. Yet certain things are tolerably clear. The difference in quality between Mr. Joyce's work and Mr. Huxley's is very suggestive. Superficial resemblances between these writers are many; both are irreligious, both are disillusioned, both are ironical; and the temper of the age is all three. Yet the difference between Mr. Joyce's *quality* and Mr. Huxley's is infinite. It may be indicated broadly by saying that while Mr. Huxley's disillusionment is a thing which, with trifling variations, may be found among half the writers in London and Paris, Mr. Joyce's may not.

In reading Mr. Huxley we may, if we choose, assume his disillusionment, take it for granted as comfortably as we take any habitual assumption. But when disillusionment is objectified as it is in *Ulysses*, we can no longer do this; we are compelled to reckon with it. We are not at liberty to adopt it as it stands; for this disillusionment is no longer an attitude, but rather all that an attitude by its nature hides and keeps us from seeing.

To accept it is not thus to accept another disguise or defense; it is rather to accept in some measure ourselves. For its effect Mr. Huxley's work depends on the fact that we do tend to make the assumptions he makes; but once his mood is not accepted as self-evident, his irony becomes empty; we are left with a mere attitude, seductively presented, which has no grounds for existing save that it is the attitude of a great number of people who question it as little as Mr. Huxley does. This is to say that Mr. Huxley's novels, in spite of admirable qualities, a graceful style, wit, remarkable tact in avoiding the *bête*, belong to the literature of fashion. A change of mood would take half their appositeness from them. *Ulysses*, on the other hand, depends very little for its comprehension on the mood which its readers take to it; for their floating disillusionment, half-conscious and vague, is there so profoundly grasped and completely objectified that the general mood fades, evaporates, becomes unreal, beside it. We feel that this attitude has been radi-

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cally modified, that henceforth it must become more real, or, if it persists unchanged, more unreal.

If Mr. Huxley is our best example of the fashionable writer, and Mr. Joyce of the artist expressing the age by an uncompromising opposition to it, there is another figure who is equally significant as a writer of escape. A great deal has been said against the literature of escape; but it is one of the types of literature, and it will continue to be written so long as writers, like other men, adapt themselves in different ways to the world. Blake's poetry was in sense a poetry of escape, and so was that of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats; and it would be pedantic to deny that it has enriched experience. For escape is one way of saving oneself from being overwhelmed by the mass suggestion of the age and of penetrating to a source of inspiration deeper than it.

Mr. Lawrence is the grand example in our age of the poet of escape. He has scoured the globe to find some order of life sufficiently primitive to be the antithesis of contemporary Europe; and he has written violently against almost every modern form of thought and feeling. Yet in presenting in his novels such a radical antithesis to all the age stands for, he has brought a profound criticism to bear upon it. His values, his symbols, his hopes, are so opposed at every point to the spirit of the age that he makes us question, not one or two, but all of its assumptions. The defect of the literature of escape is that it is too sweeping; it has neither the exactitude nor the practical temper of the literature of conflict. It postulates only two things — its vision of truth and beauty, and a world which does not correspond to that vision. Yet its criticism may be profound as far as it goes, for it apprehends the problem in its full and appalling form, though it can find no solution.

All the important writers of our time belong to these two categories. In some there is a divided allegiance; in Mr. Eliot most strikingly, who in his poetry sets side by side the response of the poet who desires to escape from his environment and that of the critic of life who wishes to come to terms with it. Their rank as artists will be determined by the same thing which at present determines their value for us: the profundity, comprehensiveness, and truth of their criticism of contemporary life.



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# YEATS'S EARLY POEMS [1]

BY Æ

[THE following reflections were called forth by the recent republication of Mr. Yeats's *Early Poems and Stories*.]

To reread *Early Poems and Stories* is to recall my first love in literature. The beauty that overcomes us while sensitiveness is yet virgin, and has lost nothing of its poignancy by use, lasts through life for most of us, no matter how many after-loves we may have. Who under a spell can be critical of the enchanter? I was not then; and hardly now can I do anything but surrender myself anew to the music. I find a boy living in me still, affected almost to tears, longing to be remote and winged, flying over the waters listening only to the song of the heart: —

> I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering foam, I and you.

Or I murmur the benediction sung over Diarmuid and Grania: —

> Give to these children, new from the world,
> Silence and love,
> And the long dew-dropping hours of the night
> And the stars above.

And as of old, the poetry creates such a loveliness in the heart that I feel I am breathing in a divinely created nature — air, earth, the stars, ourselves, all fondled by the Magician of the Beautiful, all rapt, all sharing in the benediction. In our first imaginative love there is complete union with the poetry, and I cannot disentangle myself from this early affection or say how much I brought to it, or how much it brought to me. I can be critical of what came later when I had gone on a way of my own and had become self-conscious, so that in everything I read I found myself less yielding, only accepting from another that which helped me on my own journey. But though I cannot be critical, I feel as deeply as ever that the poetry of Yeats is the greatest spiritual gift any Irishman has made to his tribe. He is the finest artist in Irish literature, and after his verse began to find readers there came a shriveling of the resounding and empty rhetoric in which so many had been content to express themselves. I keep on wondering, if Yeats had antedated Moore, how much greater poetry we should have had from Moore, Mangan, and Ferguson, because so scrupulous a craftsman had preceded them.

In this volume we have 'The Wanderings of Usheen' and other poems of that period, the poems of *The Rose*, the early prose of *The Celtic Twilight*, *The Secret Rose*, the stories of 'Red Hanrahan,' and last of all, the 'Rosa Alchemica,' where the art has ceased to be simple and the sentences have become as elaborate as the decoration on the *Book of Kells*. Lao-tse says nobody can remain forever standing on tiptoe. The fastidious artist possibly felt that there was something a little ostentatious in this elaborate beauty, for ever after in both prose and verse he began

[1] From the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin Independent weekly), *October* 17



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to seek for the beauty that might be found in bare words. But in this book we have that first natural, rich beauty and its overrich climax when it became self-conscious and before the recoil began. In 'The Wanderings of Usheen' he, like so many of his Gaelic predecessors, makes voyage to Faëry, and who of those brought back more delicate merchandise? We go with Niam to the Isle of Youth, to the Isle of Victories, to the Isle of Forgetfulness, borne on a tide of song that gathers strength until it swells into long surges that sound like the wave of Cleena in our ears. Who can forget that imagination of the slumbering giants in the monstrous wood? —

The wood was so spacious above them, that He
who has stars in His flocks
Could fondle the leaves with His fingers, nor go
from His dew-cumbered skies:
So long were they sleeping, the owls had builded
their nest in their locks,
Filling the fibrous dimness with long generations
of eyes.

No poet since Keats and Shelley has so completely realized for us the stranger regions of imagination, has convinced us more of the authenticity of his vision, that the words depict things which were present to the interior sense. I feel a little sad sometimes that the later self-conscious artist could not let the earlier half-conscious artist be. Often I have to admit that the change is better. 'The Sorrow of Love,' one of the weaker lyrics in *The Rose*, is here rewritten and gets a new distinction: —

The brawling of a sparrow in the eaves,
The brilliant moon and all the milky sky,
And all that famous harmony of leaves,
Had blotted out man's image and his cry.

A girl arose that had red, mournful lips,
And seemed the greatness of the world in tears,
Doomed, like Odysseus and the laboring ships,
And proud as Priam murdered with his peers:
Arose, and on the instant clamorous eaves,
A climbing moon upon an empty sky,
And all that lamentation of the leaves,
Could but compose man's image and his cry.

But sometimes I feel that the change has come only because the artist has gazed too long at his work, and because of that overintensity the words have lost their magic for him, as all finite things do, through overfamiliarity; and he has found other words for his thought that are not better words, but only temporarily release the artist from the ache over absolute perfection unrealized. Sometimes I find he has gone back, and rightly, to the first choice. In the delightful Indian fantasy, 'Anashuya and Vijaya,' if I remember aright, the girl concluded her ritual with a playful prayer for her lover: —

May never restless fay with fidget finger
Trouble his sleeping: give him dreams of me.

The elfin alliteration of the first line probably delighted its author, and he began to pay the penalty of overfondness in doubt, for in a later version the line ran, I think: —

May never restless Pitri's fidget finger.

This was a bad change. Somebody had told him that 'Pitri' was the Indian equivalent of faëry, and the artist became a pedant for a while. Then the artist came to himself, and the line now is close to the first fancy:

And may no restless fay with fidget finger.

It is a little disconcerting to find the images we loved tricked out in new fashion. It is as disconcerting as for a lover to find his mistress has powdered the hair or tinted the face he had come to love for its natural beauty. The poet would tell me probably that he has only taken out an original falsity that had deceived me, and now there is but truth and simplicity. But

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those who read now for the first time, and those who read in future, will not be disconcerted by a changing fantasy as those who have watched the artist at work. But here unchanged, or hardly changed, are 'Innisfree,' 'The Indian upon God,' The Stolen Child,' 'Down by the Salley Gardens,' 'The Rose of the World,' 'The Faëry Song,' 'The Man Who Dreamed of Faëryland,' and a score of lyrics unsurpassed for a glowing and exquisite beauty by anything written in our time. Some of them, like the 'Faëry Song,' seem breathed on the air by an art as effortless as the art by which flowers unfold, and to be without labor; though I fear the truthtelling artist would confess the anguish of concentration that went to create what seems spontaneous, natural, and delicate as the falling of dew.

The early prose of *The Celtic Twilight* is altogether unsophisticated and charms by its simplicity and freshness. But this early prose is not on the same level as the early verse. Prose comes from the conscious mind, while verse comes from the subconscious or dream-mind, whose creations seem timeless. The poet of twenty-one may write as lovely things as the poet of forty if he has at all mastered the craft. But prose is made up of observation, reflection, and conscious thought: and here experience brings fullness, depth, and mastery.

The later prose is much finer than the earlier. If it is not lit by so gay a color and fancy, the thought is infinitely more subtle and the phrasing more distinguished. It is after 'Rosa Alchemica' that the prose makes us pause to consider its message with full seriousness. Before that it may delight us with its fantasy, but I often feel the images it conveys are little more than colored phantoms having but slight affinities with our intellectual being. It is in the 'Rosa Alchemica' he first begins to relate the images of fantasy to the intellectual world, and he can write: —

> The more a man lives in imagination and in a refined understanding, the more gods does he meet and talk with, and the more does he come under the power of Roland, who sounded in the Valley of Roncesvalles the last trumpet of the body's will and pleasure; and of Hamlet, who saw them perishing away and sighed; and of Faust, who looked for them up and down the world and could not find them; and under the power of those countless divinities who have taken upon themselves spiritual bodies in the minds of the modern poets and romance-writers.

After this in all he writes he is conscious that the things seen are the shadows of the unseen, and they do not as at first exist for themselves, but for what they may symbolize. He has passed from the poetry of youth and his thought begins to take on age, wisdom, and subtlety, and he writes the poetry that not merely delighted youth, but that pondering age can linger over.

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# A FRENCH VIEW OF CONAN DOYLE[1]

BY JEAN DORSENNE

THE calm and tranquil little lecture-room of the *Sociétés Savantes*, where some unlucky lecturer is usually striving to be eloquent for the benefit of three soundly sleeping auditors, was crowded last Sunday evening with a variegated throng of exceptional numbers. Russians elbowed Argentines, Negroes sat side by side with Hindus, Germans chatted with Englishmen. You might have thought yourself in the Tower of Babel, or, if you prefer a more modern comparison, at Geneva in the hall of the League of Nations. But the public that came in such great numbers was not made up of diplomats. Here was no question of carving up the map of Europe or of discussing the Security Pact. Questions of a still more elevated order were under discussion. The spiritualists of the whole world were holding congress.

There were, doubtless, some who had already been initiated into the spirit realm — men with flowing beards and carefully barbered locks that undulated to their shoulders, women with greenish, disquieting eyes and close-clipped hair; but there were also a good many outsiders drawn by the allure of the mysterious, and in this little hall packed with people there was indeed much talk of raps and *peresprit*, of ectoplasm and poltergeists, while at the door those unfortunate souls who had been unable to penetrate the sanctuary voiced their disappointment noisily.

Upon the platform now stepped a good-natured giant with the build of an athlete. A white moustache crossed his ruddy sportsman's visage, but two blue eyes as limpid as the heavens illumined that robust physiognomy like two bits of azure seen through a fog. As if by magic the tumult stopped, and the good giant began to express himself in painful French with a very British accent. He affirmed his faith in survival; he vigorously preached 'the new revelation'; he exhorted the spectators to struggle against materialism and to fight to the end the good fight that humanity has always been carrying on against the ills from which it has suffered. In spite of the difficulties of his speech, in spite of his incorrect French, the orator caught and held his audience. This man, whose strength of conviction radiated from him as a gleam from a lighthouse, was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Conan Doyle! You know, of course: the author of *Sherlock Holmes*. Who does not know that famous detective whose faculties of deduction enabled him to unravel the most obscure mysteries? Nobody can pronounce the name of Conan Doyle without thinking instantly of Sherlock Holmes — which must infuriate the writer, for though *Sherlock Holmes* has obtained universal success it is not Conan Doyle's best novel. Who can forget that in his *Adventures of Colonel Girard* the English writer has embroidered upon the epic material of the Napoleonic period an arabesque of incredible fantasy, and has painted the character of a French

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *September* 12



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cavalryman, bold, chivalrous, gallant, a free-spirited jolly fellow who seems to have sprung out of a drawing by Raffet?

Here is a man who, to judge from his mentality and his previous writings, seems scarcely inclined to believe in spiritualism. Yet he has become its most eloquent spokesman. Is not this a remarkable phenomenon? It was to clear up the mystery that I besought the great English writer to explain the beginning of his interest in spiritualism.

'When I finished my medical studies in 1882,' he told me, 'I was a convinced materialist. I thought that when the candle is burned out the light is gone. I was convinced that death is the end of everything. That was my way of thinking when spiritualist phenomena attracted my attention.'

'You began by being an out-and-out materialist?' I asked.

'I ought to say,' he replied, 'that materialists let themselves be convinced more easily by spiritualist ideas than the adherents of any religion. You see, no previous doctrine troubles the materialist mind, whereas the minds of Catholics and Protestants, for example, have been given the wrong slant by erroneous explanations.'

'And what opinion did the verification of these supernormal phenomena suggest to you? Can you reconcile your beliefs with those of the Christian religion?'

'The various experiments that I carried out led me to believe beyond any shadow of doubt that the soul survives the body. That is why we who are spiritualists, and believe in a punishment hereafter for the evil actions committed upon earth, have a sense of responsibility. Is not the moral sense at the base of all good actions? Materialism is the greatest scourge that can afflict a society. It is because materialism, with all its corruptions, reigned upon the earth, that the war broke out in 1914. The shock of the war was destined to waken in us an intellectual and moral fervor.

'I am by no means an enemy of religion in general or of Christianity in particular. Quite the reverse. It is possible to find an interpretation of the life of Christ that is in strict agreement with the most modern psychical knowledge. Was not Christ Himself endowed with an intense psychic power? Doctor Wallon, in his book, *Jesus of Nazareth*, has shown that the place of the Transfiguration, the summit of a hill, was an ideal place for a manifestation of this sort, and that the somnolent condition of the Apostles recalls that of all persons in a group who contribute to psychic power. No man admires the life of Christ more than I, with the examples that it offers of constant charity, largeness of spirit, self-abnegation, courage, and effort toward progress. But don't you see yourself that religions to-day are worn out, that they attach themselves to empty formulas, and that their power is declining because they depend wholly upon the past?

'Christianity is wavering, and that process has been forced on the attention of all by the terrible catastrophe that was unloosed upon the earth. Now, when religion dies, materialism becomes more active. I am convinced that spiritism, or, to put it more accurately, spiritualism, can pour new life into an enfeebled Christianity.'

'Since you are wholly occupied by spiritualism, why are you studying such quasi-material manifestations as ectoplasm, for example?' I asked.

'It is the metempsychosists who principally concern themselves with these things. For my part I believe that they play an ancillary rôle. The various phenomena that you know about — materializations, levitation,

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automatic writing, and the rest of them — are nothing but signals to catch your attention. The ringing of a telephone bell is not the telephone itself. The communication is the main thing. To make spiritualism consist of whirling tables is childish. All these phenomena have, nevertheless, an importance of their own because they are facts that prove the real existence of thought. Our belief is not a matter of faith; it rests on facts. It is not a matter of opinion whether the dead live or not; I know they do.'

'Among what people do you think spiritualism is making the most progress?'

'Among the French, certainly. Hitherto you have always been the people who have borne the torch. How should it be otherwise now? France has to be spiritualist because it was a great medium, Joan of Arc, who saved her in the old days.'

Sir Conan Doyle's words are sharp and categorical. They are disturbing. This colossus with the square shoulders, the solid jaw, and the open glance does not belong in the category of mystics or of those visionaries whose minds are stuffed with chimeras. He is a man who reasons in cold blood, and who tells us very sedately: 'I have, for my own part, no doubt at all. I saw the spirits of my son and my mother as clearly as I saw them in life. Then I agreed with my wife to devote all my intellectual activity henceforward to the struggle against materialism, to throwing a beam of radiant light upon the mystery of life and death. My literary work is done. I shall write no more works of the imagination.'

What an example! An illustrious novelist who gives up all idea of further fame and fortune to take upon himself the apostolate of spiritist revelation!

## FOG IN THE CITY

### BY WILLIAM BORRIE

*[Poetry of To-day]*

Fog in the streets, and in the market places,
And through its dimness shadows come and go,
Men, women, silently, leaving no traces
Of where they passed, save mist-wreaths whirling slow.
Pale windows, haunted eyes in visored faces,
And cowering street-lamps, give but sickly glow:
Drip, drip, drip, drip, the raindrops, running races,
Drum on the unseen pavements allegro.
The river with a sluggish, oily motion
Moves seaward. Far away a clamorous horn
Tells a great ship steams slowly to the ocean.
The sound grows fainter, muffled, and forlorn.
Then overhead the veil is rent in two,
And one adventurous sunbeam struggles through.

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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

## GALSWORTHY AT HOME AND ABROAD

'THE home of lost causes' — so Matthew Arnold, or some such person, spoke of Oxford. Nowadays it is apparently more generally attacked as the home of Oxford bags and of the Oxford accent — the question which is the graver affront to the national dignity not being, as we write, decisively answered. Mr. St. John Ervine and Mr. John Galsworthy, at any rate, have independently been giving attention to the accent, as well as to other matters of national welfare. Speaking at the First Night Playgoers' Club recently, Mr. Ervine went so far as to say that the worst vice of the English stage is the Oxford voice — 'that lamentable thing that is worse than Oxford trousers.' Mr. Galsworthy, speaking at a meeting in aid of that praiseworthy organization, the People's Dispensaries for the Sick Animals of the Poor, paid a tribute to the English language itself, but observed that some of those who employ an affected Oxford accent are more to blame for the corruption of that language than those who are born into an uneducated cockney speech.

'The comparison,' protests the *Daily Telegraph*, 'is not illuminating. The worst vices of the Oxford accent, the clipped vowels, the slurred and weakened consonants, are pure cockney.' 'The fathering upon a single university of a single voice or a single kind of trousers,' remarks the *Manchester Guardian*, 'is one of those drastic simplifications which are more drastic than accurate, and if Mr. Ervine wishes to hear "quite" called "quate" he is more likely to be gratified in a London tobacco kiosk than behind the walls of Somerville College.' At this distance, it is impossible to take sides in the dispute. One can only reflect that if two such guardians of the tongue as Mr. Ervine and Mr. Galsworthy have come to the same conclusion independently (is collusion conceivable?), and if the *Daily Telegraph* can make the assertion it does, the situation must be grave indeed. We hope the warning will not be without effect upon the convivial spirits of the F. N. P. C. and the earnest spirits of the P. D. S. A. P. Our only fear is that their influence at Oxford is not very great.

We are reminded by the incident of a recent criticism of Mr. Galsworthy by M. Edmond Jaloux — author of *Les Profondeurs de la mer*, and himself a novelist of distinction — printed in the *Nouvelles Littéraires* on the occasion of a published translation of *The Man of Property*. Mr. Galsworthy has already been made the subject of an enthusiastic critical study by no less a person than M. André Chevrillon, the nephew of Taine, in his *Three Studies in English Literature*. It is easy, observes M. Jaloux, to understand the grounds of M. Chevrillon's admiration, and to believe that Taine himself, if he were still living, would certainly share it — if only because Mr. Galsworthy's total work in fiction would furnish a perfect illustration of the great critic's favorite principles. 'The race, the environment, the moment' — what writer in England, more than the author of *The Forsyte Saga*, is a clear case for the effect on literature of all three?



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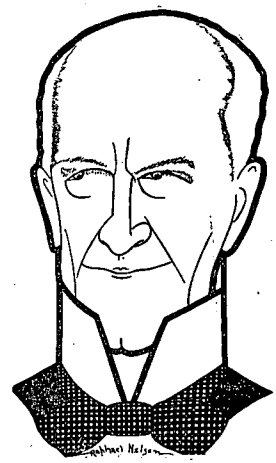
'The work in fiction of Mr. John Galsworthy,' remarks M. Jaloux in this connection, 'is essentially of his time and his environment; it is not the expression of an exceptional literary man, but of a certain social class, of which it is at once the painting and the satire. The author appears in his work only in the rôle of a witness, a pitiless and discreetly indignant witness; he has that relative objectivity which Flaubert demanded of the novelist, — without achieving it, — and which Maupassant displayed more successfully than his master without succeeding in achieving it perfectly. Mr. Galsworthy, who has the frankest and most complete admiration for Maupassant, is certainly indebted to him for his narrative evenness, that manner as it were of liquid polish which covers the different parts of the tale, and separates us from the characters at the same time that it seems to protect them from the author's emotions. . . .

'One of Mr. Galsworthy's essential qualities is his art in suggesting to us the state of mind of his characters from the outside; a landscape, a broken word, an unfinished gesture, the preparation of a menu, the observation of a servant, two glances which cross each other — and we know all that has happened. In this narrative form, so full of subtleties, so difficult to manage consummately, there are continual discoveries, a great wealth of invention. But the truth is that Mr. Galsworthy has a power which is daily becoming rarer and rarer: he knows how to invent incident. In his art, all is not limited to the analysis of people who remain seated. His characters move about, and, as they move, affect the events which happen around them. No one can consider himself a novelist in the full sense if he is wholly lacking in this power — by which I do not mean that all prose fiction must begin and end in that: but at least the novel must. . . .

'In the preface which Mr. Galsworthy has written for the French edition of his novel he asks, "What value as types can the characters studied in this book acquire in France?" It seems to me that by changing only certain traits, not so much of character as of manners, by making the people less silent and more exuberant, by replacing the continual scenes at the club with family scenes, by emphasizing certain details and eliminating others, a very exact French adaptation of *The Man of Property* could be made. The truth is, the Forsytes exist among us in large numbers; for my own part, I have known a great many of them, in Paris as well as in the provinces, and they are scarcely different at all from those in London. They are no less ridiculous than Mr. Galsworthy's; only, since the war, the necessity for them has been more generally recognized, and we have been obliged at last to confess that Jolyon Forsyte the younger was right in calling them "the half of a nation, the better half, the half that counts."'



JOHN GALSWORTHY

[Raphael Nelson in the *Bookman*]

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### AMERICAN TRAGEDY IN EUROPE

WHILE Mr. Booth Tarkington's comic powers are being savored by Londoners in a dramatization of *Seventeen*, called *Growing Pains*, — and not with the purest enthusiasm, so far as we can judge by reports, — the sterner muse of Mr. Eugene O'Neill has also been diverting — or perplexing — English and Continental audiences. Although *Desire under the Elms* has been forbidden production by the censor in England, two of Mr. O'Neill's shorter plays — *The Emperor Jones* and *The Long Voyage Home* — have recently had short runs at the Ambassadors Theatre in London; and the objectionable play itself has been performed simultaneously in Berlin and Prague. The Czech capital, which last year was the first in Europe to see Shaw's *Saint Joan*, was actually a short time ahead of the German capital in seeing the American play this fall. Its production in the Stavovske-Divadlo, the intimate playhouse of the Czech National Theatre, was marked by a brilliance of interpretation and representation that seem to claim for it a natural appeal to the Czech mind.

A correspondent of the London *Observer* describes the mise en scène designed for the play by M. Antonin Heythum: —

> Although the tragedy is written throughout in a plain, simple style, the Czech producer has produced it in a Constructivist setting à la Moscow. There is no sign of a farm, trees, and so forth. What we do see when the curtain rises, and what remains the scene all through the play, is a sort of two-storied wooden edifice — no other term describes it — that is rather like a log cabin multiplied by four, or a gigantic doll's house with the front open. The two lower rooms — there is little pretense at making them seem like rooms in which human beings dwell and have their being — are used as sitting-room and living-room respectively, while the two upper rooms are used as bedrooms. One curious effect which is attained by this awkward setting is that one can see several of the characters at once while they cannot see each other, but this is discounted by the lack of concentration that it entails.

Whatever it may have lost in concentration through its staging, *Desire under the Elms* gained, according to a writer in the *Morning Post*, in the similarity to Czech life of the particular aspects of American life it represents:

> An Ephraim Cabot, dour, hard old peasant of seventy-five, who has spent fifty years of his life drawing nourishment from a farm of stones and rubble, might easily be found in any Bohemian village. There is in some of the Bohemian landscape the aridness of the New English scene of the play; there are in the peasants of Bohemia the same elements of repressed hate and desire which, conspicuous in its New England farmers, provide the vividness and depth of the play. And when it is remembered that the Czechs have been engaged for three hundred years in a struggle with a foreign race, have writhed and suffered under Austrian domination, it is quite comprehensible that they should understand the motive forces of a play the theme of which is the eternal struggle between father and son, between the possessor of power and the possessed.
>
> For is not the 'farm' of O'Neill's play, which Ephraim Cabot, the father, would possess forever, and which Eben Cabot, the son, regards as his by right, a symbol of extraordinary significance? The Czechs who have fought and worked for their 'farm' are no strangers to the depths and shadows lurking in the soul of Eben, Simeon, and Peter Cabot, Ephraim's sons, who are worked to death digging stones from his unprofitable land.

The production of the play at the Lessing Theatre in Berlin made a much less favorable impression, at least upon the critic of the *Vossische Zeitung*, who is more or less inclined to make merry over the incongruities and violences of

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the plot and dialogue. After a somewhat ironical description of the setting, he proceeds: 'In this house a stern atmosphere prevails. The son addresses his father as "old dog" or "skunk" — which is not humanly charming. But dramatically it is much more fatal that these words fall as flatly to the ground as the love-speeches of the new Phædra: they do not make their way over to us. These farming people ought to be naïve, and they are merely clownish.'

Follows a paragraph or two of badinage on the subject of Mr. O'Neill's half-poetic, half-realistic dialogue, and a summary disposal of the whole matter with these words: 'The American O'Neill is welcome on our stage, so long as he allows a fresh breeze to flutter over the exotic, — as in *The Moon of the Caribees*, — or when he hazards a frank tour de force — as in *The Emperor Jones*. But ever since his *Anna Christie* we know that his tragedies do not stand the strain of transportation over the Atlantic. We shall have to yield them to the enthusiasm of his compatriots.'

The German critic's disapprobation might be set down to his failure to seize the quality of the drama in a perhaps inadequate translation, or to the remoteness of the New England life represented from corresponding modes of life in Germany. It would be more difficult to explain away on these grounds the hostility of a dramatic reviewer in the *Spectator* who writes of Mr. O'Neill's work under the title, 'A Dramatist of Monomania,' and defends his hostility in these terms: —

Perhaps gloom, unrelieved by anything but an occasional twist of humorous dialect, or by a plunge, here and there, into the sentimentality supposed to belong to the blunt natures he prefers to delineate, may account for Mr. O'Neill's partial failure with us. He shocks and surprises, but he does not charm, he does not amuse. We too have had our rough and loud plays in abundance; and some of them have succeeded. But hard blows have, in these, been followed by close embraces, and the stern purpose of the shocker has been relaxed in a happy ending. Mr. O'Neill will have no such nonsense. For a dramatic counterpart to his realism — as critics still call the habit of making out life to be worse, for average humanity, than it really is — we have to go to Strindberg, to Ernst Toller, or to certain early studies in despair by Hauptmann; or, in fiction, we may recall the ingenuity with which, say, Maupassant packed sordid incidents into a few pages, so as to enclose the greatest possible amount of depression in a small space.

✽

### THE AFTER ALL NOT WHOLLY INVISIBLE KING

RELIGIOUS note in the *Daily Herald:* —

Commenting on the new Shaw cigar, a West Country reader points out that we have had a Wells Cathedral for a very long time.

Now if someone would only name a brand of cocoa after Mr. Chesterton, the insult will have gone the rounds.

✽

### DE PROFUNDIS

DANTESQUE situation in a London home, as recorded by the *Morning Post:* —

One day this week a little boy entered a chemist's shop in the East End and told the chemist that his father was in great pain and could he give him something to relieve it.

'What sort of pain is it?' asked the chemist.

'Eternal pains,' replied the youngster!

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# AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

FROM the tourist's point of view the Fascisti are an unqualified success. It would be hard to conceive of a traveler so petty as not to enjoy the scene in the Florence depot where an embattled group of tourists — most of them, we hope, of English or American extraction — cowered in terror while Italian bands marched through the streets blocking all the traffic. It must have been fully as dangerous a business as an Elks' parade.

* * *

Unfortunately the Liberal eye of the Man from Manchester was too far-sighted to focus on such vulgar scenes. Even if he was in the station himself, could n't he rise above his own misery contemplating the greater misery and ineffectual rage of those about him? No; Liberals do not do such things. All they can see in Italy to-day is tyranny running wild. Mussolini has embraced the absurd fallacy that the only way to deal with an enemy is to knock him over the head. His reasons for this line of conduct are so poor that they are scarcely worth mentioning. In the first place, just because he happens to be Dictator he thinks he has a right to dictate. In the second place, he knows he can get away with whatever he pleases. Liberals are entirely different. They do not believe in knocking out their opponents in cold blood — they always argue first and get warmed up.

* * *

India affects the disciple of Karl Marx in much the same way that Italy affects the follower of Lord Acton. Andreas Latzko has written several war books in that unhealthy complaining vein to which front-line trench soldiers are so much more subject than generals and noncombatants. Candor forces us to confess that this Latzko is a pretty Red sort of fellow — the kind that no daughter of ours will ever run around with as long as we have that old musket we carried when we left the *Living Age* to fight in the Mexican War. Mr. Latzko has viewed with intense gloom the rigid system which binds the South Indian from the day he is born until he dies. It sounds almost as dreadful as some of the Socialist Utopias that our class-conscious friends describe when in their cups.

* * *

Now for something we really know about — Literature. Take Nicolas Ségur to start with. Take the *Living Age* too, of course; but let us concentrate on Nicolas for the moment. He believes that the only Great Ones in modern European letters are old-timers. But who ever heard of Hamsun until he wrote *Growth of the Soil*, and who has ever wanted to hear of him since? Pirandello, too, is separated by an appreciable interval of time from Dante. Fifteen years ago, these men enjoyed a less extensive vogue and had done less good work than Joyce, Morand, Čapek, or Toller to-day. With his neat Latin mind, Mr. Ségur is embarrassed to read a book that can't be put in its pigeonhole when he is through with it. The only French



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'school' now in session is the 'Super-realists', of whom this department is the official American representative. This may give some idea of how exclusive the school is, and may explain why there are so many unclassifiable books — as if in the good old days that Mr. Ségur mourns it had been any different.

* * *

The internationalization of the artist is now complete — or nearly so. Look at the *Living Age*, where, willy-nilly, the great men of our time are all to be found. It is hardly possible that such a well-informed and faithful contributor as Mr. Ségur can be ignorant of our existence, and we are forced to conclude that modesty alone could have prevented him from mentioning us. Never mind, we 'll mention it ourselves. We are paid to be insensitive, anyway.

* * *

Next comes Edwin Muir, the Zeitgeist man. The idea he is driving at has been vaguely hinted at in these columns before. He finds that all the most brilliant writers of the day, from Huxley to Joyce, are suffering from the same mal de siècle. In fact, we feel a little below par ourselves. It is a typical piece of Scotch criticism — there are sentences that Kant himself might have written. 'If,' philosophizes Mr. Muir, 'ignoring his age, a writer turns to past literature for his stimulus, he will find that the resistance is not sufficient to evoke his full powers, that, try as he may, the urgency and immediacy which are the signs in art that a problem not merely chosen but destined has been faced will remain absent from his work.' (*Cheers*)

* * *

This, we take it, is good Nordic prose. It sounds far better than Mr. Ségur's Mediterranean mumblings. But what does it mean? Simply that neither Paul Elmer More nor Stuart Sherman could report a ball-game as well as Ring Lardner, or do a Mutt and Jeff cartoon as well as Bud Fisher. Had Mr. Muir expounded this revolutionary piece of criticism in such simple terms, his article would have been far shorter than Mr. Ségur's, and this department might have been allowed to run a couple of extra pages.

* * *

We should, however, have run over the dead body of one of our subscribers, who writes us as follows: —

'Last summer I saw a shallow-pated young American tourist attempting to be funny, for the benefit of a flapper companion, at the expense of the Samothrace Victory in the Louvre. The efforts to be smart in the paragraph introductions under the heading "This Week" in your magazine affect me in much the same way. I cannot imagine a more unfortunate association for such attempted smartness than with the fine cross-section of the best of European thought which you give us each week. The latest handicap that the *Living Age* has taken upon itself, the flippancies of "Yankee Dooley," are even more impertinent. In handing you my check for the renewal of my subscription I feel compelled to register my protest against these two pitiable attempts to make more palatable your splendid feast. I trust that you can find less offensive and more useful work for the young people who have been writing these things.'

Please, sir, there is only one of us — and we have no flapper companion for inspiration. The rest, to coin a phrase, is silence.

YANKEE DOOLEY

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**The Madonna of the Barricades**, by J. St. Loe Strachey. London: Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Saturday Review*]

MR. STRACHEY has altogether disarmed criticism. Turning novelist so late in his distinguished journalistic career, he has been wise enough to avoid issuing any very serious challenge on the ground that is most strictly the novelist's, but has presented his story in such a way as to secure every advantage that his general literary ability and his really profound knowledge of his period give him. What we have from him is not precisely a novel, but a portion of the autobiography of a young Englishman playing some considerable part in the troubles of the year 1848. There is a story, and it has moments of drama or melodrama, but the method is that of the autobiography, the characters being required to live, not vivid, independent lives of their own, but simply as they would in the memory of the autobiographer. It thus happens that Mr. Strachey's limitations as a novelist, though perceptible, are not felt to any extent that matters, while there is every opportunity for the use of Mr. Strachey's knowledge of the historical figures and political movements of his chosen epoch. What should Matthew Arnold be doing in the novel Mr. Strachey might have written? He is admirably in place, for the moment of his appearance, in this moderately discursive autobiography of George Chertsey. And so with a dozen other personages who are allowed to come before us for a paragraph or a page. They may not be contributing to the progress of the story, but they are enabling us to understand the spirit of the age.

**The Elder Sister**, by Frank Swinnerton. London: Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

THIS is a painful and unpleasant story. The disagreeable elements belong to the action, which does not develop naturally from the characters sharing in it, although it may be claimed to illustrate them unnaturally. Mr. Swinnerton has chosen the exceptional case for a theme.

The quiet precise portraiture of the two sisters, Anne and Vera, in their Kilburn home, is quite excellent. Their parents — Mum especially — are sketched in with freedom and point, and their daily work and their associates in it — both are typists — is suggested with skillful circumstance. But Mortimer, the young man between them, never really comes to life, although only the forceful apprehension of his character and temperament could compel our belief in the sordid drama of their relations.

**Later Days**, by W. H. Davies. London: Jonathan Cape. 6*s.*

[*Observer*]

IN reading Mr. Davies's story of his life since he became famous — he told the earlier part of it in *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* — one feels recurrently a doubt whether any man is quite as simple, candid, and innocent as Mr. Davies seems. There are moments when the idea that he is gently but firmly pulling the reader's leg becomes rather insistent. Having no personal acquaintance with him, but cherishing certain of his poems very closely, one finds it difficult to accept entirely an artlessness that in its devastating perfection seldom survives the perambulator period of life.

War-time, and reading his poems at this or that house of fashionable name for war charities, the history of the characteristically simple way in which he has become the possessor of pictures, and marriage and content, fill up the rest of the tale. The self-portrait is given with disarming, mysterious, and baffling directness, and the writing has the same disarmingness and mystery. It is limpid, and a little unearthly, in spite of the poet's closeness to nature. It suggests an uncaught, elfin movement, gentle lest it should be heard and caged, and its very lack of intensity gives it a beguiling shadelessness.

**Fools and Philosophers: An Anthology**, arranged by J. B. Priestley. London: The Bodley Head. 6*s.*

[*Spectator*]

'IF the reader,' says Mr. Priestley, in his Introduction to this Anthology, 'has even one tenth of the fun reading it that I had compiling it, all will be well.' We think we could give a very shrewd guess at Mr. Priestley's capacity for merriment; yet we will not gauge our fun by his; we will only assure him that all is certainly well. We have spent, thanks to him, a delightful evening. True, the company was a little promiscuous, a little oddly uncontemporaneous; but then Mr.



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estley was so persuasive a master of ceremo-
s that all were very soon at their ease. Falstaff
nobbed with Corporal Trim; Ague-Cheek was
re, and Foppington, both exquisite knights of
ortment; one corner was loud with the con-
ialities of Messrs. Sawyer, Swiveller, and
rocks; and Prince Seithenyn ap Seithyn
di kept his own inebriate court; another
ner was unctuous with the moralizings
Parson Adams and Mr. Micawber — not to
ntion Mr. Chadbrand, discoursing on the
ure of terewth; country cousins suffered no
ominy there, when their rural quaintnesses
e brushed aside by Lady Wishfort and Sir
lfull Witwoud; and even lovers were unmind-
how they sighed their loves upon the public

What a hum of witty talk there was! And
e true wits, they gave no thought, all the eve-
g, for food; drink was their only need. Almost
first words that Falstaff said — and he was,
course, the first to come — were, 'Give me a
of sack, boy'; and almost the last words that
from Mrs. Gamp — and she was, of course,
last to go — were, 'No, Betsey! Drink fair,
tever you do.' Well, they are all gone now;
y knew too well to outstay their welcome;
i when we looked round for him, even Mr.
estley was not there to take our thanks.
n the quiet of the aftermath, we cannot help
f we scrutinize a little more exactly our de-
ted guests. It is always done. . . . They
re, then, some of them, vulgar? Maybe; but
ir natures were big enough to include that
i not offend. They were fools? Aye, and good
losophers too. They were knaves? But then
at was their knavery but the badge of their
eriority, the privilege of their wit — and a
ewd, sorry comment on the gullibility of the
t of us? Truly fools are very princes among
n.

re Changes, More Chances, by H. W. Nevin-
on. London: Nisbet. 15*s.*

[*Mercure de France*]

ESE reminiscences cover a period of ten years,
m the end of the South African War to the
inning of the Great War. . . . In the course
his travels, Mr. Nevinson sees humanity, sees
n and their crimes, more than anything else;
will not be the detached and skeptical specta-
, unwilling to attack those who are more
verful than he, content to describe merely
turesque or sensational things; he will remain
knight-errant, the redresser of wrongs, ob-
iate and courageous, who will regard his task
finished only when he has seen the triumph of
cause he is defending. He will consent to be
connected only with liberal journals, and when
in his opinion these are too timorous he will
break with liberalism and enter the Socialist
camp. . . .

Several times Mr. Nevinson considered utiliz-
ing his experiences in a literary way, but associa-
tion with literary men dissuaded him from doing
so. The divorce between life and literature seems
to him an error; he prefers life, and he lives.
To-day he tells the story of his life, and his ad-
ventures are more passionate than the most
imaginative fiction.

Letters to Katie, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.
London: Macmillian. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

OF all the effeminacies which evolved from the
Pre-Raphaelite movement, Sir E. Burne-Jones
has probably been regarded as the most effem-
inate influence. But Burne-Jones did himself
less than justice in his strangely anæmic though
always beautiful and sensitive paintings; and it
is a welcome corrective to the popular conception
of his character that his charming letters to a
little child, with their accompanying comical il-
lustrations, should now be given to the public.

For a man who apparently took his art so very
seriously, it is a delightfully human discovery
that he would actually make drawings on the
face of the envelope which enclosed his letters to
a little girl. He would address his letter, affix the
stamp, and then draw in pen and ink a caricature
of himself, with wild hair and baggy trousers,
apparently designing the stamp, which he treats
as a canvas resting upon a large easel. The let-
ters themselves show a genius for making friends
with children. . . .

The illustrations to each letter are inimitable.
Sometimes they are absurd, clumsy drawings, to
show his own stupidity; sometimes they are de-
lightful etchings of a baby riding away on the
back of a cat, or conscientiously finished sketches
of himself in caricature, dressed like a tramp or
like a dandy, or in agony during a dancing-lesson
from 'margaret.' There are endless, unexpected
whimsical touches, as when he sends two little
drawings, with a brief letter saying, 'I saved a
cat & a dog yesterday when it rained cats & dogs
and mean to rear them. They are like this.
. . . Please turn over.'

*

## BOOKS MENTIONED

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER. *Early Poems and Stories.* London and New York: Macmillan. $2.50.

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# OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

**This page will cover the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers, or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.**

**Fräulein Else,** by Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Robert Simon. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1925. $1.50.

It would be easy to describe this book as a brilliant tour de force and let it go at that. What Schnitzler has done is to put down every thought that passes through a young girl's mind during the greatest crisis in her life. Quite incidentally, he has given us some excellent psychology, — he is a fellow townsman of Freud, — but the important thing is the skill with which he does the artistic job in hand. He is much too accomplished a craftsman, much too sincere a genius, to content himself with a piece of mere stunt-writing such as we get from our May Sinclairs, our David Garnetts, Virginia Woolfs, and James Joyce imitators. Schnitzler has conformed to as strict and difficult a set of rules as any of the above-mentioned writers ever set themselves, but when we have finished this novel we feel that he has told us his story in the only way it could be told — not in the most difficult way he could think of telling it. To this reviewer's mind it is the finest piece of fiction to be published in America this fall.

**The Little World,** by Stella Benson. New York: Macmillan Company, 1925. $2.50.

Stella Benson confesses without apology that, if a monkey and a minaret were competing for her attention, the monkey would almost certainly win. From which it may be gathered that there is nothing of conscientiousness or conventionality about her globe-trotting or her telling thereof. She has gone where few of us would care to follow — and has had the time of her life doing it. She writes of her adventures in America, Japan, China, and India. Her description of the Grand Canyon is something to remember.

**Memories of Ninety Years,** by Mrs. E. M. Ward. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1925. $5.00.

Chief among her many interests has been Mrs. Ward's lifelong activity in the field of art. Her friendships have included the celebrities of three generations — Dickens, Macaulay, Wilkie Collins, Lord Lytton, Thackeray, and many more. Mrs. Ward remembers listening to the gun that announced the crowning of Queen Victoria; she amusingly speaks — with gratitude for the thrill of a new experience — of air raids in the World War. A happy life, delightfully recalled.

**Folly,** by Clement Wood. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company, 1925. $2.00.

Not to be daunted by pirate highwayman or king was Folly Leigh, a boisterous young beauty, the despair of all who tried to guard her or restrain her. Her wit and her sword and her agile young strength are put to the test in a series of wild escapades before her daring purpose is at last achieved.

**Portraits in Oil and Vinegar,** by James Laver. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, 1925. $3.50.

The great thing about this book is that anyone who reads it immediately becomes an arbiter on modern British painting — previous experience unnecessary. As for those who have even heard of Roger Fry, Augustus John, Henry Lamb, Sir William Orpen, and Wyndham Lewis, the book will prove a real treat, for they will find that Mr. James Laver is a very knowing sort of person. He understands his subjects thoroughly, and has the literary skill to be able to translate them successfully from their original medium into his own. The book covers twenty-five contemporary British painters, and includes a picture — most of them in self-portraiture — by each.

**The Cavalier Spirit, and Its Influence on the Life and Work of Richard Lovelace,** by Cyril Hughes Hartmann. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. $3.00.

Richard Lovelace, whom most of us remember chiefly as the author of two or three 'Familiar Quotations,' is here made to interpret the whole Cavalier spirit. He was an important figure in the Court of King Charles I, where he led the life of the perfect gentleman of his time. What Mr. Hartmann has done is to reconstruct an entire period in the life of one of its most typical figures.



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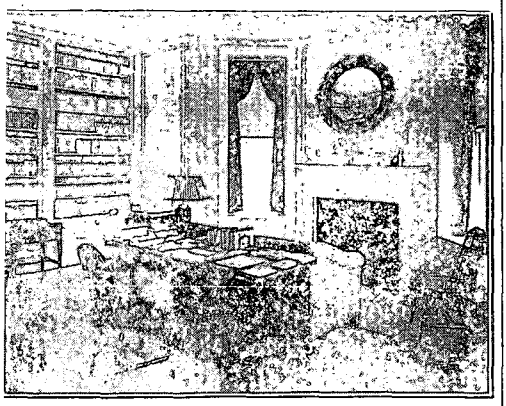

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# STUART SHERMAN BURNED IN EFFIGY AS CIRCLING PROFS HOWL WITH GLEE

SUCH might be the headline on the story of Stuart Sherman's treason and the frightful penalty he paid.

Only three days ago the Christmas Scribner's Magazine was published.

Several thousand professors in all quarters of the land picked it up, prepared for their usual session of enjoyment.

From the cover they derived the information that John Galsworthy's new novel "The Silver Spoon" begins in this issue. They approved.

They glanced over the table of contents. "Ah," said they, as professors will, "Here's a contribution by our ex-colleague, Dr. Sherman."

He would undoubtedly have some nice things to say about his former associates.

The professors settled down in their several hundred ways of looking complacent and began to read. Came first a look of perplexity, then hurt surprise, quickly followed by consuming rage.

Hurling several thousand magazines across a similar number of rooms, they rushed out a corresponding amount of doors, howling fiendishly.

There was no stopping them until they all came together at the exact center of population in Owen County, Indiana.

Then began the search for the culprit. But he was safe in the clutches of the great and wicked city. So they took a scarecrow from an Owen County cornfield and made it into a likeness of their lost leader.

Further details of the horrible scene we suppress. But let your imaginations do their worst.

For we actually started to tell you how interested we were in the Christmas Scribner's Magazine when one of our scouts came bursting in with the news of the disaster.

The Christmas Scribner's is especially important because you don't want to miss the opening chapters of the Galsworthy novel.

Then, there are five short stories, including, we'll wager, the only true detective story you've ever read (granting that you read it).

George Wright's sketches and notes on New England, you wouldn't miss for a farm.

Henry van Dyke, Raymond Recouly, William Lyon Phelps —

Oh yes, and Royal Cortissoz takes a fall out of the genial Phelps on the score of "still life." Don't miss that argument.

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